Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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POLITICAL PLEDGES

BY THE EDITOR

MAUD is dead. Born in Petersburg, Indiana, in the year of Our Lord 1874, she survived all of her contemporaries by dieting chiefly on hope, but now she has passed to the bourne whence no traveler returns except by way of reincarnation. Some say she was chloroformed, but we prefer to believe that she died of a broken heart. In any case, her end was peaceful. It is well. But never shall we see her like again. Carefully reared as the most promising member of the household of Mr. William R. Berridge, her early years were devoid of noteworthy incident, but in 1896 the world was electrified by the announcement that she would accompany William Jennings Bryan to Washington as a participant in his prospective inauguration.

Fate intervening, however, she remained at home comforted by the assurance that her health should be preserved until the people should rule. Disappointed in 1900, she bore up with the cheerfulness of noble resignation until 1908, when again suitable accommodations for a sojourn to the National capital in the ensuing March were reserved. But when the time came, Mr. Bryan failed to call for her, as had been arranged, and she remained at home in cloistered aloofness, speaking little but thinking much, as well became one playing the part of the Colonel Mouse of that day and generation.

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It was she, we are told, who finally persuaded her idol to accept the position of Secretary of State as a stepping stone to the Presidency. Not until the great severance came under the roof of the White House and the simultaneous blessings of the Almighty did she lose heart, but that untoward episode was her last straw. She pined away and died, and Mr. Berridge cut deep into her tombstone these words: "Here lies MAUD, aetat 42, the Most Faithful Mule (except John W. Kern) in All Indiana. *Requiescat in pace!*" And when Mr. Bryan beheld the *pace* he lifted up his voice and wept.

The reader now knows why the Democratic platform of 1916 differs from that of 1912. Mr. Bryan's mentor and confidential adviser had passed away and with her the source of his inspiration. So President Wilson was left free, if not particularly easy, to compound his own principles for the allurement of the electorate. And thus, by a quite natural though somewhat circuitous route, we arrive at the Issues of the Campaign as officially declared and defined.

Time was when party platforms were considered and discussed with great seriousness. The custom of submitting a declaration of alleged principles originated in the convention which renominated Martin Van Buren in 1840, when it was resolved, that "the Federal Government is one of limited powers"; that it had no right to inaugurate "a general system of internal improvements," such as National highways; that it must not "foster one branch of industry," even the manufacture of dyestuffs; that it should provide "ample protection of person and property from foreign aggression" on the seas, in Mexico or elsewhere; that the States are "the sole and proper judges of their own affairs," etc., etc.,—just such a compendium of Democratic doctrines, in a word, as would now, if anything could, delight the heart of Colonel Henry Watterson. There was no lack of explicitness in the declaration, but after all it was only a statement of admirable theories rather than an aggregation of positive pledges, as of the present day. As a politician, President Van Buren may have been no cleverer than President Wilson, but assuredly he was more cautious. We doubt greatly, for example, if he would now have exulted at "our keeping of pledges," in recollection of the firm assertion in 1912 that "our pledges are made to be kept while in office" and of the candidate's repeated averments that "we say

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what we mean and mean what we say." To " challenge " an adversary may be well enough while presumably in a fighting mood, but to invite critical examination by impartial minds of a record far from invulnerable is quite another matter. We cheerlessly recall a few of the Pledges of 1912.

We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal Government under the constitution has no right or power to impose or collect tariff duties, except for the purpose of revenue, and we demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of government honestly and economically administered.

In theory, the Democratic party repudiated this " fundamental principle " when at St. Louis it merely reaffirmed " our belief in the doctrine of providing sufficient revenue for the operation of the Government " and, in practice, it accepted the protective system when, in Congress, it put protective duties upon dyestuffs. Of the Underwood tariff, which was " unreservedly endorsed " at St. Louis as " truly exemplifying that doctrine " of tariff for revenue, Speaker Clark frankly remarked in the House, " I can take this tariff schedule and so arrange it that the American people will not have to pay any more than they are now paying and get twice as much out of this tariff system as we are getting now." And of the proposed Tariff Commission, Leader Claude Kitchin plaintively observed, " It is only within the past two months that the Democratic party (meaning President Wilson) has been in favor of such a Commission." The " right and power " to impose protective duties, denied in 1912, is now conceded and exercised; the time-honored " tariff-for-revenue-only " is abandoned; and the Pledge of 1912 is broken, for the quite obvious purpose of depriving the opposition of an issue.

We favor an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to recognize the independence of the Philippine Islands as soon as a stable government can be established, such independence to be guaranted by us until the neutralization of the islands can be secured by treaty with other Powers.

Proposal rejected by Democratic votes.

The law pertaining to the civil service should be honestly and rightly enforced, to the end that merit and ability shall be the standard of appointment and promotion, rather than service rendered to a political party.

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Witness the revocation of "all executive orders heretofore made placing the positions of deputy marshals and deputy internal-revenue collectors in the classified service," the substitution of incompetent political hacks for trained men in the diplomatic service and the famous Burleson raids upon the post-offices.

We recognize the urgent need of reform in the administration of civil and criminal law in the United States, and we recommend the enactment of such legislation and the promotion of such measures as will rid the present legal system of delays, expense and uncertainties incident to the system as now administered.

Nothing done.

We demand for the people of Alaska the full enjoyment of the rights and privileges of a territorial form of government, and we believe that the officials appointed to administer the government of all our territories and the District of Columbia, should be qualified by previous bona fide residence.

Alaska forgotten. Governors appointed: The Philippines, Burton Harrison of New York, who had never seen the Philippines; Porto Rico, Arthur Yager of Kentucky, who had never seen Porto Rico.

We favor the exemption from tolls of American ships engaged in coastwise trade passing through the Panama Canal.

Exemption beaten at the behest of the President—a proper act, but a broken pledge.

We believe in fostering, by constitutional regulation of commerce, the growth of a merchant marine, which shall develop and strengthen the commercial ties which bind us to our sister republics of the South, but without imposing additional burdens upon the people and without bounties or subsidies from the public treasury.

Now pending: The Wilson-McAdoo bill providing for government ownership and virtual subsidies and "imposing additional burdens upon the people" to the extent of $50,000,000.

We denounce the profligate waste of the money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation through the lavish appropriations of recent Republican congresses, which have kept taxes high, and reduced the purchasing power of the people's toil. We demand a return to that simplicity and economy which befits a Democratic government, and a reduction in the number of useless offices, the salaries of which drain the substance of the people.

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No " useless offices " abolished; many created. Appropriations by the present Congress, nearly $1,700,000,000, the largest by far in the history of the country, comprising, in addition to provision for the army and navy, $20,000,000 for a nitrate plant, $51,000,000 for " flood control," $85,000,000 for " good roads," $43,000,000 for rivers and harbors and $50,000,000 for a dubious investment in rural-credits,—four-fifths of all for the benefit of a section.

We approve the measure reported by the Democratic leaders in the House of Representatives for the creation of a council of national defense, which will determine a definite naval programme with a view to increased efficiency and economy.

Not yet, despite the obvious and greater need.

We favor a single presidential term, and to that end we urge the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution making the President of the United States ineligible for re-election and we pledge the candidate of this convention to this principle.

Here we draw a veil.

The constitutional rights of American citizens should protect them on our borders and go with them throughout the world, and every American citizen residing or having property in any foreign country is entitled to and must be given the full protection of the United States Government, both for himself and his property.

One hundred and twelve American citizens murdered on a single ship at sea in literal compliance with official forewarning,—with no sign of either apology or disavowal from the assassin Government fifteen months after the perpetration of the crime. Hundreds of American lives and hundreds of millions of American property destroyed in Mexico, —and " protection " not only not afforded, but officially refused time and time again. " Every American citizen residing or having property in any foreign country is entitled to and must be given the full protection of the United States Government, both for himself and his property." The ghastly irony of it all! And the brazen humbug of pretense of " Pledges made to be kept when in office as well as relied upon during the campaign! " No wonder Maud died.

Notwithstanding the brazen effrontery of the Democratic party's claim of fidelity to its promises, it would be quite unfair in the circumstances to stress the betrayal as an indictment of the President. The Baltimore platform was

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Bryan's own. Mr. Wilson had no hand in its construction and was powerless, after he was nominated, to effect amendment or change. His expressed approval of it, though explicit enough, we have always regarded as more or less perfunctory and in no sense as binding upon him in every specific part. The like ordinarily would apply to the present Republican candidate, but we fear that Mr. Hughes is barred from exemption by his quickness of comprehension no less than by his constitutional inability to endorse a pronouncement which in the slightest degree conflicts with his convictions. We may then with full propriety and without compunction hold the two candidates to a strict accountability for their respective party declarations.

The differences with respect to domestic issues are less marked than ever before in our political history. The Republicans inevitably and justifiably, as it happens, pronounce " severest condemnation of the wasteful appropriations of this Administration," but in the light of the record of their own party as the most extravagant ever known their righteous indignation is far from convincing. On the other hand, the Democrats, for reasons that are distressingly apparent, prudently withhold their time-honored shibboleth of economy. Both somewhat demagogically declare for progressive labor legislation; both relegate equal suffrage to the States; both advocate development of the merchant marine, the one by subsidies, the other through government ownership; neither proposes changes in the anti-trust laws nor suggests that the railroads be exempted from their operation; both coo beguilingly to " business " and hold forth helping hands to " agriculture "; in a word, the Republican party is more radical and the Democratic party more conservative than usual, with the result that they reach substantially common ground.

The similarity is enhanced strikingly by Mr. Wilson's renunciation of the historic Democratic doctrine of a tariff for revenue only and his admission of the "right and power" under the Constitution, hitherto denied, to impose duties for protective purposes. The two pronuncements are:

REPUBLICANS	DEMOCRATS
The Republican party stands now, as always, in the fullest sense for the policy of tariff protection to American industries and American	We reaffirm our belief in the doctrine of a tariff for the purpose of providing sufficient revenue for the operation of the Government

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labor and does not regard an anti-dumping provision as an adequate substitute. Such protection should be reasonable in amount, but sufficient to protect adequately American industry and American labor and be so adjusted as to prevent undue exactions by monopolies or trusts. It should, moreover, give special attention to securing the industrial independence of the United States as in the case of dyestuffs.

The Underwood Tariff Act is a complete failure in every respect. Under its administration imports have enormously increased in spite of the fact that intercourse with foreign countries has been largely cut off by reason of the war, while the revenues of which we stand in such dire need have been greatly reduced.

It has not in the least reduced the cost of living, which has constantly advanced from the date of its enactment. The welfare of our people demands its repeal and the substitution of a measure which in peace as well as in war will produce ample revenue and give reasonable protection to all forms of American production in mine, forest, field and factory.

We favor the creation of a Tariff Commission with complete power to gather and compile information for the use of Congress in all matters relating to the tariff.

economically administered, and unreservedly indorse the Underwood Law as truly exemplifying that doctrine.

We recognize that tariff rates are necessarily subject to change to meet changing conditions in the world's production and trade. * * * Two years of a war which has directly involved most of the chief industrial nations of the world, and which has indirectly affected the life and industry of all nations, are bringing about economic changes more varied and far-reaching than the world has ever before experienced.

In order to ascertain just what these changes may be the Democratic Congress is providing for a non-partisan Tariff Commission to make impartial and thorough study of every economic fact that may throw light either upon our past or upon our future fiscal policy with regard to the imposition of taxes on imports or with regard to the changed and changing conditions under which our trade is carried on.

We cordially indorse this timely proposal and declare ourselves in sympathy with the principle and purpose of shaping legislation within that field in accordance with clearly established facts, rather than in accordance with the demands of selfish interests or upon information provided largely, if not exclusively, by them.

The Democratic pill is sugar-coated but unmistakable. The "fundamental principle" of 1892 and 1912 is abandoned; not now, as in 1876 and 1880, shall "all custom-house taxation be for revenue only"; never again, as in 1908, shall a Republican promise to revise the tariff be heralded as "tardy recognition of the Democratic position on this question"; no longer, as in 1904, is protection "robbery of the many to enrich the few"; principle has succumbed to expediency and faith is swallowed by apprehension. Jackson, Van Buren, Tilden, Cleveland, Morrison, Hurd, Wells,

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Mills and the other Wilson may turn in their graves and Watterson, Clark, Kitchin and even Bryan may toss in their beds; but the chief tenet of Democracy is sunk as deep as the *Lusitania*, and disavowal in the one case is no whit more likely than in the other. Mr. Wilson has seen a great light upon the eve of election and has put upon Protection for Protection's sake his indelible stamp of approval of "this timely proposal." The Tariff is no longer an issue. The difference is in fact one of degree only and in method of frank avowal on the one hand as against furtiveness on the other.

We surmised in April that Preparedness might appear in the campaign as a bone of contention, but there is little room for choice between the two declarations, to wit:

REPUBLICANS

In order to maintain our peace and make certain the security of our people within our own borders the country must have not only adequate, but thorough and complete national defense, ready for any emergency. We must have a sufficient and effective regular army and a provision for ample reserves, already drilled and disciplined, who can be called at once to the colors when the hour of danger comes.

We must have a navy so strong and so well proportioned and equipped, so thoroughly ready and prepared, that no enemy can gain command of the sea and effect a landing in force on either our Western or our Eastern Coast. To secure these results we must have a coherent and continuous policy of national defense, which even in these perilous days the Democratic party has utterly failed to develop, but which we promise to give to the country.

DEMOCRATS

The people of the United States love peace.

* * * but they should render themselves secure against the hazard of interference from any quarter and should be able to protect their rights upon the seas in any part of the world.

We therefore foster the maintenance of an army fully adequate to the requirements of safety and to the protection of the nation's rights, the full development of modern methods of sea coast defense and the maintenance of an adequate reserve of citizens trained to arms and prepared to safeguard the people and territory of the United States against any danger of hostile action which may unexpectedly arise; and a fixed policy for the continuous development of a navy worthy to support the great naval traditions of this nation and fully equal to the international tasks which the United States hopes and expects to take a part in performing.

Neither statement is satisfying. "Ample reserves" sounds well, but no better than "adequate reserves,"—and they are equally vague. The real question is that of the effectiveness of the National Guard as a large secondary force

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and neither party faces it squarely,—the Democrats because they had committed themselves for vote-getting purposes and the Republicans because, for the same reason, they lacked the courage to speak up. So there is no issue on paper with respect to the future of Preparedness unless it be found in past delinquencies, in the holding of the War portfolio by a pronounced pacifist and in the apparent certainty, which we have seen cited somewhere, to the effect that "A vote for Wilson is a vote for Daniels."

The pronouncements upon the predominant question of Americanism read as follows:

REPUBLICANS

We believe in American policies at home and abroad. We declare that we believe in and will enforce the protection of every American citizen in all the rights secured to him by the Constitution, treaties and the law of nations, at home and abroad, by land and sea. These rights, which in violation of the specific promise of their party made at Baltimore in 1912 the Democratic President and the Democratic Congress have failed to defend, we will unflinchingly maintain.

We appeal to all Americans, whether naturalized or native born, to prove to the world that we are Americans in thought and in deed, with one loyalty, one hope, one aspiration. We call on all Americans to be true to the spirit of America, to the great traditions of their common country and, above all things, to keep the faith.

DEMOCRATS

The Democratic party * * * summons all men, of whatever origin or creed, who would count themselves Americans to join in making clear to all the world the unity and consequent power of America.

Whoever, actuated by the purpose to promote the interest of a foreign Power, in disregard of our own country's welfare, or to injure this Government in its foreign relations, or cripple or destroy its industries at home, and whoever, by arousing prejudices of a racial, religious or other nature, creates discord and strife among our people so as to obstruct the wholesome process of unification, is faithless to the trust which the privileges of citizenship repose in him and is disloyal to his country.

We again declare the policy that the sacred rights of American citizenship must be preserved at home and abroad.

Herein the Republican party has a tremendous advantage and makes most effective appeal. No number of fair-seeming words or of belligerent but unsupported Notes can offset or palliate the humiliating failure of the Wilson Administration to safeguard the lives and properties of its nationals. Whether the Republican party—under Taft, let us say—would have done better in the trying circumstances can only be surmised, but it is quite impossible to imagine anybody doing worse. In his most presumptuous—or should we say most fighting—mood, Mr. Wilson never penned words so wholly nerveful as "We *again declare* the policy that the

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sacred rights of American citizenship must be preserved at home and *abroad.*"

Nor, frankly, can we recall anything more fatuous, though seemingly adroit, than the following:

> We condemn all alliances and combinations of individuals in this country, of whatever nationality or descent, who agree and conspire together for the purpose of embarrassing or weakening our Government or of improperly influencing or coercing our public representatives in dealing or negotiating with any foreign Power. We charge that such conspiracies among a limited number exist and have been instigated for the purpose of advancing the interests of foreign countries to the prejudice and detriment of our country. We condemn any political party which, in view of the activity of such conspirators, surrenders its integrity or modifies its policy.

Since we can hardly assume that President Wilson would accuse his own personally conducted party of surrendering its integrity or modifying its policy at the behest of marplots, it follows necessarily that he is driving at the Republicans and Progressives or at their candidate. He refers, of course, to sympathizers with Germany—not, mind you, to the great body of German-born citizens whose votes, we suspect, would be quite as acceptable to him as to Mr. Hughes—but to a "limited number" of conspirators of whose activities he has been officially apprised. Speaking more explicitly on Flag Day, he said:

> There is disloyalty active in the United States, and it must be absolutely crushed. It proceeds from a minority, a very small minority, but a very active and subtle minority. It works underground, but it also shows its ugly head where we can see it; and there are those at this moment who are trying to levy a species of political blackmail, saying, "Do what we wish in the interest of foreign sentiment or we will wreak our vengeance at the polls." That is the sort of thing against which the American nation will turn with a might and triumph of sentiment which will teach these gentlemen once for all that loyalty to this flag is the first test of tolerance in the United States.

Now if it be a fact—and surely no President would make so grave an accusation unless sure of his ground—that disloyalty is not only "active in the United States" but even "shows its ugly head" where he can "see it"; if, in other words, as is plainly implied, the country is infested with traitors whose whereabouts are known or discoverable, whose business is it to run them to earth and either drive them out

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of the country or put them in jail? Surely the obligation does not rest upon Mr. Hughes who has neither the information nor the authority. And surely not upon a political party out of power which is neither required nor able to enforce the laws. Where then lies the duty? The accusation is of conspiracy "instigated for the purpose of advancing the interests of foreign countries to the prejudice and detriment of our own country." Whether or not such an act falls technically within the Constitutional definition of treason as "adhering to their (the United States's) enemies, giving them aid and comfort," it comes perilously near it and, in any case, it constitutes a crime punishable under laws which either exist already or could be obtained in a day's time.

There was no difficulty in sending Huerta to prison to die, though for what offense nobody knows. Why are the officers of justice impotent in the present instance? The Constitution fixes the responsibility and confers the authority upon the President himself. If he possesses the information, why does he not act instead of meaninglessly warning political opponents against "surrendering their integrity" and "modifying their policy"? We can understand why the adversaries of a candidate for re-election might call him to task for failure to heed his oath to enforce the laws, but self-accusation on the part of a President himself is, we venture to assert, no less unprecedented than it is amazing. The most charitable conclusion is that the charge itself either lacks foundation or could not be sustained or is mere political buncombe of the cuttle-fish variety.

So much for the platforms except as they apply to Mexico, which calls for fuller consideration in a separate chapter.

We find, therefore, no reason for changing our opinion that the ultimate issue will be one of sincerity based upon character.

HUGHES or WILSON? That's all.

UNPREPAREDNESS DEMONSTRATED

MILITARY unpreparedness is now tangibly demonstrated. Some details of the matter of the forwarding of the National Guard to the Mexican frontier may still be controversial. Of some essential features of the case there is no room for question, and these are sufficient to show the urgent need of

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a far higher degree of efficiency and a far greater degree of preparation than now exist.

The chief counts in the indictment are three. One is that of equipment. It is indisputable that some levies of the National Guard were held at their home camps for some time because supplies of clothing, etc., were not forthcoming from Washington; in at least one case for so long a time that the State authorities seriously considered providing the supplies themselves. It is also indisputable that some of the troops were landed in the semi-tropical climate of Texas in mid-summer with nothing but heavy winter clothing. Compare this with the German system, under which there has always been for every reservist, whether he was at home in Germany or had emigrated to the United States or to South America, on file in the arsenals a complete outfit of clothing and all other needed articles, made from measure to fit him perfectly, and tagged with his name. Millions of men, called to the colors, could thus be perfectly equipped without an hour's delay. We need not demand quite such a system as that of Germany in insisting that our own readiness should be more complete than it has on this occasion appeared to be.

The second point was that of transportation. Men were packed into antiquated wooden day coaches, so old and dilapidated that there seemed some justification for the suggestion that they were the same in which troops had been shipped to the front in 1861! There was much delay in providing even such accommodations, troops being kept waiting for hours before they were entrained, and then kept lying in train yards, or shunted to and fro on sidings for hours more. Now it is all very well to say that it is a part of the soldier's duty to endure discomforts and hardships. But there are enough of these that are inevitable without adding others that are unnecessary and avoidable. Such treatment of the troops in the process of mobilization did much more than cause discomfort. It caused delay, which might have been costly if not disastrous, and it impaired the efficiency of the troops after they had reached their destination. Instead of being landed in Texas in good condition, "fit as a fiddle," they were landed there jaded and worn and needing some time to recover from the hardships and privations of the passage.

The third point was that of food. Both on the journey and after reaching their destination many of the troops suf-

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fered the pangs of hunger. We heard indisputably authentic stories of some being twenty-four hours without food, and even with an insufficient supply of drinking water. Also on some occasions the hungry men took matters into their own hands and forcibly raided eating houses. This latter was, of course, a reprehensible thing to do. Soldiers should preserve the peace, not break it. But starving men are not always squeamish over the law of *meum et tuum*. If the men were culpable for stealing the food, those who drove them through famine to desperation were not blameless. Nor can we accept as convincing the statement that the sufficient regulation rations were supplied to the men, but they, being greenhorns in the service, were wasteful of it and did not make it last as they should have done. To say that is simply to shift the burden of unpreparedness. If it be true the commissary department may be absolved from blame. But what is to be said of those responsible for the training and discipline and instruction of the men—in brief, for their preparedness? Surely men who had been enlisted for some time, most of them for years, in the National Guard, should have been taught how to conserve their supplies. If they were not, one of the essentials of preparedness was lacking.

There can be no exculpation on the ground of excessive demand. The number of troops mobilized was small, so small as to be trifling in comparison with the multitudes transported in the great European armies. Ours were numbered by tens of thousands; theirs by hundreds of thousands and even by millions. What should we have done if we had been called upon to equip and transport the million men who Mr. Bryan said would spring to arms in a day at the President's call? Nor can we accept the plea of distance, which of course could have nothing to do with the matter of equipment or accommodations, but with only that of time in transportation. Great Britain has transported more troops from India, from Canada, from Australia and from New Zealand, to France, than we have sent across the country to Texas. Russia has probably sent as many, all the way across Asia to the Pacific Ocean and thence through the Indian Ocean and the Suez Canal and Mediterranean.

Least of all is there validity in the plea of unexpected emergency. The fact is that we had abundant warning. For three years we had been confronting a Mexican problem

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which involved potential intervention. For months actual military operations had been in progress and the probability of vastly greater operations had been recognized. The whole nation had been expecting just what did actually happen—the sending of our whole available army and a large contingent of the National Guard to the border, if not into Mexico itself. And after those months of warning and of knowledge, we were unprepared.

It is not pleasant to say these things. But it is immeasurably less pleasant to have such things happen. Indeed this deplorable and costly lack of readiness is largely to be charged to the failure of men to speak out plainly about our slipshod and happy-go-lucky way of doing things. We have cast unmeasured scorn upon the Third Empire in France, which boasted that the army was ready " to the last shoe button " only to find that a whole army had been provided with shoes all for the right foot. Was it better to ship an army to the tropics with nothing but Arctic clothing?

This is the third lesson within the memory of living men. The first was in 1861, when it took two years to " lick into shape " the army which was to win the war—to develop Gettysburg from Bull Run. The second was in 1898, the memories of which, at Chickamauga and Key West and elsewhere are still as ghastly as they are green. Surely this third lesson should be sufficient to teach us that we are after all " as common mortals." This may be, as our Fourth of July orators were recently saying, the greatest country on the surface of the globe, and we may be the greatest people. We are glad to believe that it is so. But it cannot be made so simply by our much boasting of it. The country must be great through the superior development, conservation and utilization of its resources, and the people must be great through the possession and exercise of the essential qualities of greatness. There is after all nothing in the country or in us that exempts America from the universal laws of nature and of nations. We cannot win battles without armies, any more than anyone else. Neither can we, any more than anyone else, have efficient armies without adequate preparation.

A TREATY IN CHANCERY

Our Nicaraguan treaty seems to be in chancery. After years of delay it has at last been ratified, and the ratifica-

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tions have been exchanged. There would in ordinary circumstances, therefore, be nothing more to do but to proclaim it in force, and to act upon it as a part of the supreme law of the land. But the circumstances are not ordinary. They are extraordinary, if not unique. An international court is, we are told, about to intervene; if it has not already done so. It will deny the right of Nicaragua to make the treaty, on the ground that it would be injurious to the interests of other states which are not parties to it. Nicaragua will thus be confronted with the alternative of either repudiating the treaty which she has already made, or of placing herself in contempt of court and thus incurring a grave penalty. The United States, too, will be confronted with a similar alternative. It must, apparently, either repudiate the treaty or discredit and repudiate the decree of a court to which it is, indeed, not technically subject, but which it is morally bound in the strongest way to respect and to sustain.

These are the circumstances: Costa Rica and Salvador protest against the treaty, as inimical to their interests and as traversing their sovereign rights. The grievance of the former is an old one, with which we have hitherto several times been concerned. It pertains to the San Juan River, which forms a part of the boundary between Costa Rica and Nicaragua, and which also forms an important part of the potential canal route across that isthmus. Away back in the early canal negotiations, before the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, Costa Rica insisted that half of that river, and therefore half of the proposed route, belonged to her, and that therefore she must be reckoned with, equally with Nicaragua. As a rule the United States dodged that issue and made its bargains with Nicaragua alone, leaving that country to fight the matter out with Costa Rica as best she could. More than once actual war was thus provoked between those two republics. Finally a treaty was made known as the Canaz-Jarez treaty, recognizing the rights of Costa Rica and binding Nicaragua not to make any canal grants across her territory without consulting Costa Rica and securing her assent. The validity of that treaty has been formally recognized by the United States. Yet we have made with Nicaragua a treaty by which such a canal grant is at least potentially made, and Nicaragua has made it with us without ever consulting Costa Rica or securing her assent. Costa Rica therefore quite logically claims that in so doing Nicaragua is

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violating the Canaz-Jarez treaty, and it is said that the court will sustain her in that claim.

The protest of Salvador is based upon other grounds. The treaty between Nicaragua and the United States grants to this country certain Nicaraguan lands in and about the Bay of Fonseca, for coaling and naval stations. That will be an immensely useful and valuable grant. But it so happens that Salvador and Honduras also front, as well as Nicaragua, upon the Bay of Fonseca, and our possession of a station there would therefore control their access to the Pacific Ocean through its waters. In the absence of any treaty upon the subject, Salvador holds that in equity Nicaragua ought not to make such a cession without the assent of the other two Powers, and without satisfactory arrangements for the protection of their interests. That contention also seems logical, and again it is said that it is, or will be, sustained by the court.

But what is this court, which thus assumes to exercise jurisdiction over our treaties? That is the most interesting feature in the whole case, and the one which most emphasizes our moral obligations toward it. The tribunal in question is the Central American Court of Justice, in some respects the most advanced international tribunal in the world. It is constituted by the five Central American states, one of its five judges being from each of them, and to it the five states have bound themselves "to submit all controversies or questions which may arise among them, of whatsoever nature and no matter what their origin may be, in case the respective Departments of Foreign Affairs should not have been able to reach an understanding." That is to say, it is designed to be for Central America all that the tribunal at The Hague is designed to be—but never yet has been—to all the world. Of its jurisdiction over the present case there can be no question. Nor can there be any question that Nicaragua is bound to obey its decrees.

The United States, however, is not one of the constituents of the court and does not recognize its jurisdiction. But does it not? Or should it not? It is true that the United States was not one of the signatories of the treaty establishing that court, and is not mentioned in the treaty as a Power subject to its jurisdiction. Nevertheless, that treaty was made at Washington, at a conference of the Central American republics held there at our instance and invitation. The

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United States was represented in the conference, though in only an advisory capacity. It exercised a marked moral supervision over all the proceedings, and nothing was done in them that it did not approve. The United States is, therefore, as much interested, morally, in the court, and is as much bound to honor its decisions and to support its authority and integrity, as any of the Central American states themselves. We simply cannot afford to disregard, or to countenance Nicaragua in disregarding, a decree of that court, even though its purpose be the annulling of a treaty which we have made and which we very greatly desire to have fulfilled.

Yet we cannot well afford to let this treaty lapse, for some of its provisions are of vital importance to our peace and comfort. What, then, is the answer to the question? What is the solution of the problem? It is not difficult to find. President Wilson suggested it in advance of the rising of the problem, when he expressed the wish that we might make with every other Central American state a treaty similar to that with Nicaragua. That would mean, of course, recognition of the interests of Salvador, Costa Rica and Honduras in the provisions of the Nicaraguan treaty. It would perhaps mean some compensation to them, or at least some assurances concerning our intentions toward them. To that recognition they are entitled. It would be stultifying to deny it. To such assurances they are also entitled. As to compensation, pecuniary or otherwise, that is a question requiring careful consideration. We should not advocate paying subsidies, bonuses or what not unnecessarily. But it would be far better, even pecuniarily more economical, to make a liberal payment to each of those countries, than to incur the suspicion and ill-will of them and a feeling that we are trying to overreach them, to discredit their international court, and to back one in an unjust attitude toward others.

To enforce the Nicaraguan treaty in the face of protests and a judicial decision against it would be to discredit the whole group of beneficent treaties among the Central American states, of which we were the moral sponsor; it would be to set back relations among those states, from the present enlightened and auspicious ground, to the very worst of the old-time status; and it would be to incur for ourselves their suspicion, distrust and animosity. Such a misfortune can be averted, and the high designs of the Central American

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treaties and of our own treaty with Nicaragua can be promoted and their fulfilment assured, by judicious and equitable diplomacy. The Nicaraguan treaty should not be abandoned, but it should be duplicated *mutatis mutandis*, between the United States and each of the other four Central American states. That would rescue the Nicaraguan treaty from chancery, and it would secure for it, and for all details of our transactions with our neighbors, the approval and ratification of the international court of justice.

THE PRESIDENT AND "THE PORK BARREL."

"PORK" we have always with us. Periodically there comes up in Congress a Bill for Loot. Generally it is ostensibly for river and harbor improvement. Sometimes it is for public buildings. Now and then it is not a whole bill but a mere "rider" on another measure. Always the object is the same. It is to "fix the fences" of members of Congress by spending large amounts of public money in their districts. Many constituencies estimate the worth of their Representatives by the amount of the appropriations which are thus secured. It is a common thing in "campaign literature" and campaign speeches to have a candidate for re-election say, in substance:

"I have been your Representative for six years. In that time I have secured appropriations aggregating one million dollars to be spent in this district. I got $60,000 for a postoffice at Squedunk, $50,000 for a Federal Building at Wayback, $40,000 each for postoffices at Lonelyville and Skunk's Misery, and $600,000 for the dredging of Catfish Creek. It is my purpose, if re-elected, to secure ample appropriations for the draining of Tadpole Swamp, and for the erection of public buildings at Podunk, Huckleberry Crossroads and Happy Hooligan."

Whereupon the free and enlightened electors of the Nineteenth New Jersey District say with one accord, "That's the kind of a man to have at Washington. 'Rah for Stiggins and an appropriation!"

Now, the general principle of public works is good, and some of the details of most of these bills are good. Paradoxically speaking, the good parts of them are their worst parts. That is to say, there are items for buildings or improvements

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which are not only desirable but actually indispensable and imperative. These are conjoined with the most unblushing "steals," for the cunning reason that all must stand or fall together, and nobody will incur the odium of voting against these good proposals and therefore they will have to vote for the bad ones, too; and the President will not veto appropriations which he knows to be absolutely necessary, and therefore he will have to approve the graft as well. Sometimes, indeed, the advocates of good causes actively support bad ones, because they need the support of the grafters who are interested in them to secure the passage of their own praiseworthy items. The whole thing is a mixture of "log-rolling" and blackmail. "You vote for my appropriation," says Smith to Jones, "and I'll vote for yours." Again, "If you don't vote for digging out Catfish Creek and pumping water into it so as to make it navigable," says Tubbs to Nubbs, "I'll oppose your item for making the East River deep enough for warships to get to and from the Navy Yard."

So the bill goes through, with all its contained "pork," and is laid before the President. He must either sign it as a whole or veto it as a whole. He knows that the Navy Yard channel urgently needs deepening. He knows that some public buildings provided for are imperatively necessary. But to secure those appropriations he must also approve the Catfish Creek and Wayback postoffice graft. What is he to do? Defeat measures which are necessary for the public good? Or permit unblushing thefts of public funds? The dilemma is one which for decency's sake should never be presented to any President. He should never be called upon to make such a choice. Whichever way he decides, he is sure to incur reproach.

This grave embarrassment of the President, and this outrage upon the public welfare, could easily be averted. That could be done by the simple and reasonable expedient of investing the President of the United States with the same power and discretion which Governors of most of the States have long enjoyed, to-wit, the authority to exercise discrimination in dealing with appropriation bills, so as to approve some items while disapproving others. In about three-fourths of the States the Governors have that power, and they exercise it, to the great advantage of the public treasury. Thus the Constitution of the State of New York pro-

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vides that "If any bill presented to the Governor contains several items of appropriations of money, he may object to one or more of such items, while approving the other portion of the bill." The constitutions of thirty-four of the States contain similar provisions.

Such a provision does not always prevent "grabs" and "pork." It does prevent "log-rolling" through the mixture of good and bad items in a single bill. It compels every proposed appropriation to stand or fall according to its own merits, and it fixes unerringly the responsibility for each. Moreover, it relieves the Executive of a responsibility which never should be imposed upon him, and it does place upon him a responsibility which he ought to bear. No Executive can complain at being required to decide whether or not to approve a certain appropriation, when it stands alone, upon its own merits.

The whole, saith Euclid, is greater than any of its parts. Why should not the President of the United States have at least as much authority in Federal affairs as the Governor of one of the States has in State affairs? Why not put into the Constitution of the United States a provision for discrimination among items of appropriation, similar to that which is in most of the State constitutions? It would be interesting to see how the champions of "pork" in Congress would regard such a proposal.

THE PASSING OF THE TURK

"It is Kismet." The Arab has risen against the Turk. The holy cities of Islam have been wrested by Moslems from Ottoman control. The spiritual leadership of the Mohammedan world has passed away from the banks of the Bosporus. Kismet has overcome the descendants of the Black Khan. That may not be, to all observers, the chief surprise of the war; or any surprise at all. There can be little doubt that to Germany, and particularly to the German Emperor personally, it is the culmination of one of the chief disappointments of the war. To the world at large it is a circumstance as important as it is interesting.

The full purport of the Arab revolt is to be appreciated only through a brief review of its antecedents. Years ago, as if in preparation for the present war, the German Em-

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peror made extraordinary overtures and approaches to Turkey. He repudiated Bismarck's famous dictum, that the whole Balkan Peninsula was not worth the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier. He hob-nobbed with the Sultan. He refused to join the other Powers in protecting Christian peoples from Mohammedan oppression and in compelling the Porte to fulfill its treaty engagements. He posed as the friend of the Sultan and as his protector and champion against the hostility of Russia and the other European Powers. Also, not content with mere words, he secured exclusive concessions, by virtue of which Germany was to have something like a monopoly of Turkish commerce, and was to traverse the Turkish Empire in Asia with a vast system of German railroads; one running through Anatolia and Mesopotamia to the Persian Gulf, and another branching from this down through Palestine and Arabia, through the Hedjaz and Yemen, to the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb.

The strategy was obvious, and masterly. It was twofold. In time of peace the railroads and commercial concessions would make the Ottoman Empire little more than a colony, or a protectorate of Germany. German influence would be paramount. German profits from the exportation of the country would be enormous. Germany, moreover, would be in possession of the two great land trade routes to the East, running trains directly from Berlin to the shores of the Persian Gulf, and to the shores of the Gulf of Aden. Russia's Central Asia route would be out-rivalled by a shorter one to the Arabian Gulf, and the Suez Canal and Red Sea route would be paralleled by rail at least as far as Aden, if not to Muscat. For the attainment of such ends alone the scheme was well worth while.

But there were other ends, even more important. In case of the war which even then was forecast the advantages to Germany would be incalculable. The strategic value of the Asian railroads would be enormous. German armies could command the Arabian shore of the Red Sea and hold the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, barring the Suez route between Europe and Asia. A German army could be placed at the head of the Persian Gulf. But it might not be necessary to send German armies thither. A German-Turkish alliance would range the whole Mohammedan world upon the Kaiser's side. A Mohammedan uprising in India and Egypt would paralyze Great Britain; a similar movement in Cen-

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tral Asia would embarrass Russia; and France would be left without any efficient ally. The Teutonic power in Europe plus the Mohammedan power in Asia and Africa, would dominate the entire Eastern Hemisphere. Such were the visions of years ago, which possessed the Kaiser's mind; though whether he imparted them fully to his prospective ally at Constantinople, may be a matter of doubt.

Early in the present war vigorous and confident efforts were made to fulfill the grandiose design. Turkey was brought into the war as Germany's ally. German emissaries were sent to all Mohammedan countries, to incite a Jehad, or Holy War. They were busy at Delhi, at Cairo, and at Cabul. Entreaty, temptation and command were freely employed to dragoon the entire Mohammedan world into an uprising against the Allies. The religious obligation of obeying the Sultan, as the Caliph of Islam, was urged. The bait of independence of British rule was dangled before Indian and Egyptian eyes. If reports are to be credited, most fantastic means were employed to seduce the popular mind. Portraits of the German Emperor in Turkish garb, with turban and scimeter, were everywhere distributed, with the caption "Wilhelm Pasha, Caliph of Germany"; and it was unblushingly affirmed that he and all Germany had embraced the Mohammedan faith and were waging this war for its extension throughout the world.

Never was there a more audacious scheme. Never was one more futile. "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," said Glendower. "But will they come when you do call for them!" demanded Hotspur. The Moslem tribes and nations were bidden to a Holy War. But with one accord they were deaf unto the call. Egypt remained loyal. The Afghan Ameer made it the part of life-saving discretion for the German agents to retire swiftly from Cabul. Bokhara and Turkestan adhered to the Russian crown. In India, where Germany's supreme hopes were based, prince vied with prince in offering treasure and levies to the Kaiser, but it was not the Deutsches Kaiser, but the Kaiser-I-Hind. The sentiment of the hundred million Mohammedans in India was voiced by Aga Khan, when he said: "Germany and Austria have been no disinterested friends of Islam. While the one took Bosnia, the other has long been plotting to become the Suzerain of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia. If Germany succeeds, which Heaven forbid! Turkey will become only a vas-

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sal of Germany, and the Kaiser's Resident will be the real ruler of Turkey and will control the Holy Cities. . ."

The disappointment of the German scheme has not, however, been merely negative, in the refusal of Islam to rise in Jehad. It has become also positive and aggressive, in the actual revolt of Arabia against Turkey and her Teutonic allies. The Yemen has long been disaffected. Indeed, that cradle of the Arab race has never been fully submissive to Turkish rule, regarding the Tribe of Othman as immeasurably inferior to the stock from which the Prophet himself sprang, and it has been little more than nominally a part of the Turkish Empire. But now not merely the Yemen, but the Hedjaz, too, has revolted and renounced all allegiance to the Turkish Sultan. It is in the Hedjaz that Mecca and Medinah, and their port of Jeddah, are situated, the Holy Cities of the Moslem world.

This is in fulfillment of prophecy. Said Aga Khan, in the address already quoted: "Turkey was the trustee of Islam, and the whole world was content to let her hold our Holy Cities in her keeping. Now that she has so disastrously showed herself a tool in German hands, she has not only ruined herself, but has lost her position of trustee of Islam; and evil will overtake her." That was said long ago, before there was a symptom of the Arab revolt. Now it is fulfilled.

It will be recalled that early in the war the British-Indian Government pledged itself to keep the Holy Cities of Arabia, and also the Moslem shrines in Mesopotamia and elsewhere, "immune from attacks or molestation by British naval or military forces, so long as there was no interference with pilgrims from India to the places and shrines in question." Evidently the Sheriff of Mecca and the Arabian chieftains and people generally trust that assurance, and have resolved to look to Great Britain for protection rather than to Germany. The significance of it upon the progress of the war will not be inconsiderable, while the effect of it upon the readjustment of affairs at the end of the war cannot fail to be very great. Whatever may be the political fate of the Turkish Empire, it may be regarded as certain that its spiritual hegemony of the Mohammedan world is gone forever.

The first clash between the Christian Powers of Europe and the Mohammedans of Asia arose over the control by the latter of Jerusalem and the other Holy Places of Christendom; though that was before the rise of the Ottoman Tribe,

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and it was with the Seljuks that the Crusaders battled. It is an interesting coincidence that this latest clash involves the control of the Holy Places of the Mohammedans, and that it is likely to result in a permanent transfer of that control from the hands of the Turks to the hands of the Arabs. "It is Kismet"; and it is peculiarly fitting that it should be so. For while the doctrine of Kismet is characteristic of the entire Mohammedan faith, it is the Ottoman Turks alone who have exaggerated it into an excuse for political inefficiency and decadence. Islam will doubtless continue to exist, but the Ottoman Sultan will not be its Caliph. It will not be surprising to see the seat of supreme authority shifted from the shore of the Bosporus to the shore of the Red Sea, and to see the birthplace of Mohammedanism become once more its capital.

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IGNOMINIOUS NEUTRALITY

BY PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN

THE agitation for an embargo on the exportation of munitions of war from the United States is obviously partisan in character, in order to offset the advantage obtained by England and her allies through the control of the seas. It should also be apparent that it would be unneutral on the part of the United States to modify its attitude so completely in the midst of this war. It cannot, indeed, pretend to adopt its attitude to the varying fortunes of war. Nevertheless, the question of the sale of munitions of war by neutral persons to belligerents is of very great interest in the larger questions it raises concerning the nature and obligations of neutrality.

It should be remembered that the United States once complained that "England was the arsenal of the Confederates, from whence they drew their munitions of war, their arms, and their supplies." While it was admitted that neutrals might properly trade in military supplies in the ordinary course of commerce, it was "asserted with confidence that a neutral ought not to permit a belligerent to use the neutral soil as the main, if not the only base of its military supplies, during a long bloody contest, as the soil of Great Britain was used by the insurgents." (Geneva Arbitration).

It will be recalled that during the Franco-Prussian war, Prussia also complained through its Minister to the Court of St. James, Count von Bernstorff, "because the English Government authorized the wholesale forwarding of arms to France, and thus practised a neutrality, not of a benevolent character, but of a character prejudicial to the interests of Germany, although Germany waged a war for a cause which England herself should consider as just."

We now have another Count von Bernstorff, son of the Prussian Minister who presented this complaint to England, in the midst of a war of tremendous significance, presenting

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a similiar argument on behalf of Germany, though, curiously enough, there is no attempt to persuade the United States of the justice of Germany's cause.

The essence of this argument is to the effect that " the United States is building up a powerful arms industry in the broadest sense "; that " this industry is actually delivering goods only to the enemies of Germany "; that " if it is the will of the American people that there shall be a true neutrality, the United States will find means of preventing this one-sided supplying of arms."

In view of the clear and entirely convincing manner in which the United States has demonstrated the technical right of neutral merchants to sell munitions of war to belligerents, notably in Secretary Lansing's forceful reply of August 12, 1915, to representations of the Austro-Hungarian Government on this subject, there would seem to be no further need of argument. The technical rights of neutral merchants to engage in this commerce are not questioned, as admitted by Germany in the statement that " The German Government have not in consequence made any charge of a formal breach of neutrality."

The serious question raised is of much wider import. As Germany well says: " It is necessary to take into consideration not only the formal aspect of the case, but also the spirit in which the neutrality is carried out." We are bound to re-examine in a critical spirit the whole problem of neutrality, its fundamental basis, its exact nature, its alleged rights and obligations.

The supplying of munitions of war on a large scale to belligerents vividly suggests some of the extraordinary inconsistencies, the preposterous anomalies involved in any attempt to remain strictly neutral in a great world-war.

Among these anomalies is the fact that while it is generally conceded that a neutral nation may permit private trade in munitions, it is not permissable to sell ships of war. The distinction between arms and ships, the one for ultimate use, the other for proximate use in warfare, is somewhat too refined for ordinary commonsense forms of reasoning, or for what has been well termed " the rough jurisprudence of nations." So likewise is the distinction which permits the exportation of military aeroplanes, or submarines in parts, though forbidding the sale of vessels ultimately destined for warlike use.

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Another extraordinary phase of this question is the difficulty of defining munitions of war. As a matter of fact they are not merely arms and ammunition, ships and cannon. As Lorimer truly says: "they are what war demands, whether it is shot and shell, shoes and stockings. . . All objects are munitions of war if a belligerent is in want of them; and no objects are munitions of war unless, or until, he is in want of them. Salt beef and saltpeter are precisely on the same footing in this respect; and steel bayonets may be a superfluity where steel pens are a desideratum."

If provisions are more urgently required than arms to enable a belligerent to hold out and finally win, a neutral nation must naturally render a greater service by permitting such peaceful traffic than by the sale of ships and guns. The logic of such a situation would impose either a complete prohibition of trade between neutrals and belligerents, or no restrictions whatever.

Consider the matter of enlistment. A neutral nation is bound not to allow belligerents to open recruiting agencies on its territory, but it is not bound to prevent its citizens from giving their services in various capacities to the belligerents. A neutral citizen may contract to provide arms and ammunitions, but may not contract to give his own services as a soldier, or engage the services of others.

Take again the question of loans, the supplying of the "sinews of war." They may be made publicly by belligerents on neutral soil; but public subscriptions and collections in their behalf are unneutral! Though a public loan may enable a hard-pressed belligerent to continue the war to a successful conclusion, it is quite an innocent commercial transaction, while the subscription is an unneutral service!

In all these ways it is permissible for neutral countries to serve as the base of supplies, the "arsenal," the treasure house of money and men, without being technically what Hübner calls either "a party or a judge" in respect to the belligerents.

But there are other anomalous aspects of this weird thing called neutrality. If a neutral nation may permit all these acts, it is still liable to serious interference on the part of belligerents. For example, neutral merchants may engage with impunity in the trade of munitions with a belligerent if their nation is contiguous to his territory, but such trade may be effectively prevented, the contraband confiscated, the

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vessel itself condemned, if found on the high seas. Moreover, while theoretically the neutral nation may claim the right to trade freely with the belligerents, it must be prepared to acquiesce in the right of belligerents to institute complete blockades of ports, coasts, or, as would now appear to be the case, the blockade of an entire nation, the establishment of a stupendous siege.

When one considers dispassionately all these anomalies, these incongruities, these absurdities, even, of neutrality, he is constrained to challenge the very basis and nature of that abnormal institution, and to ask whether in a war of far-reaching effects and significance it is possible for any self-respecting nation to maintain a perfect neutrality or remain truly neutral.

The definition of neutrality as "a continuance of a state of peace" between neutrals and belligerents is obviously untrue in the light of the many restrictions which neutrals are bound to permit and the trying obligations they are bound to fulfill.

Neutrality is by no means a normal state of affairs. It is essentially an abnormal relation based on a hideously abnormal state of affairs. War is the negation of law: *inter arma silent leges.* Litigation by force of arms, international disorder, the general disorganization of the community—all this of necessity places belligerents and neutrals in an entirely abnormal situation. As Lorimer soundly observes: "It is necessity alone which can justify either war or neutrality, and necessity is not a source of normal rights and duties."

War and neutrality being essentially abnormal in character, the next fact to be observed is the inevitability of a clash between the interests of belligerents and neutrals. When nations are impelled to stake everything on the battlefield, to make the uttermost sacrifice, they must perforce look upon the interests of indifferent neutrals as of relative unimportance. Prudence, the military exigencies of the situation, as well as a decent consideration for others and for the rights of humanity, will naturally restrain belligerents from interfering as far as possible with neutral nations. But the brute fact still remains that the interests of neutrals, when they clash with the pressing necessities of belligerents in the throes of a tragic struggle, sink into relative insignificance.

It is for these reasons that it is a thankless task to attempt

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to define the positive rights of neutrals: they are largely negative in character, varying with the nature of the contest. They are in the main such as the belligerents may choose to concede according to the issues at stake. This is why such a question as the lawful use of submarines is necessarily surrounded with so much uncertainty. This is why it was found necessary to organize the Armed Neutralities of 1780 and 1800 in defence of the alleged rights of neutrals.

The United States had ample opportunity during the Napoleonic wars to learn that the role of a neutral is exceedingly difficult. It will be recalled how England and Napoleon deliberately waged war on each other through neutrals; how skillfully Napoleon maneuvred the United States into war with Great Britain, when, as a matter of fact, we might with as much reason and better justification have gone to war with her enemies.

And now history is repeating itself in a most remarkable manner. The United States finds itself directly and seriously affected by a war of greater magnitude and significance. Its interests are being interfered with by both sides, while one of the belligerents, in imitation of Napoleon's tactics, is avowedly employing drastic measures of retaliation affecting neutral interests in the hope that pressure may be brought to bear on the other belligerent to modify its methods of warfare. The United States is thus again made to realize that neutrals must in some instances either endure considerable interference with their interests or else fight. The maintenance of neutrality under such conditions becomes increasingly difficult or well-nigh impossible.

Thus far we have been mainly considering the rights of neutrals; it is necessary also to bear in mind their obligations.

The general obligation of a neutral is usually defined as non-participation in the contest. It must not allow its territory to be used as a base of operations—the improper use of wireless, for example—nor permit any kind of act which would indicate partiality. A fictitious impartiality which, under the guise of affording equal opportunities to all, really affords special facilities for the only side able to avail itself of the chance, as, for example, the use of French territorial waters by the Russian fleet during the Russo-Japanese war, is obviously not neutrality. The "benevolent" neutrality such as Prussia claimed from England in the Franco-Prus-

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sian war, though countenanced in principle by Grotius, is plainly a euphonism for unneutral neutrality.

Anything which renders a neutral nation of special service to a belligerent, particularly as a base of supplies, as an "arsenal"—to employ the term used by the United States in the Geneva Arbitration—is calculated to make it hated by the other belligerent. In other words, that nation which desires to remain neutral may find not only that its alleged rights are seriously violated, but that it is placed under an obligation of impossible vigilance to avoid appearing either as the "benevolent" neutral or the open partisan.

There are those who virtually ask, as does Germany in respect to the sale of munitions, that a neutral nation should alter its procedure and laws so as to redress the balance upset by the varying fortunes of war. This is asking the impossible. It was for this reason that the preamble of the Hague Convention of 1907 concerning the rights and duties of neutral Powers in naval war contained the provision that: "these rules should not in principle be altered, in the course of the war, by a neutral Power, except in a case where experience has shown the necessity for such change for the protection of the rights of that Power."

Taking into account the basis and the nature of neutrality, and the extraordinary difficulties in the way of its effective maintenance, it would appear that the nation which desires to insist on a free exercise of neutral privileges virtually finds itself reduced to the following alternatives.

1. Having no concern with regard to the outcome of the war, it would trade indifferently with both sides, thus aiding them to prolong the fight at its own profit. It cannot serve effectively to help end the contest. As Lorimer pertinently remarks it "cannot strike up the swords of the combatants by putting swords into their hands, money into their pockets, or food into their bellies."

2. By reason of the ability of one belligerent to control the seas, the neutral nation must find itself reduced to the role of supplying only one of the belligerents. Whatever it supplies, whether guns, food, or money, if greatly needed by the belligerent, will necessarily be of the nature of munitions of war. Under such circumstances it will not be strange if the other belligerent quotes reproachfully the words of Demosthenes: "That person whoever he be, who prepares and provides the means of my destruction, he makes war upon me, though he

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have never cast a javelin or drawn a bow against me."

3. If the neutral nation finds that its interests and sympathies are on the side of the belligerent which through the fortunes of war has lost control of the seas, it may find itself in the extraordinary situation of becoming the main support of the very side it desires to see defeated.

4. If, however, its interests and sympathies are with the belligerent which controls the seas, the neutral nation may prefer to permit that side to place restrictions of perhaps a severe and unprecedented character even, on its commercial intercourse with the other belligerent. In this case, if it tolerates, under the thin guise of a benevolent neutrality, technical violations of neutral privileges, it lays itself open to bitter and vigorous protests by the other belligerent against its patent failure to preserve strictly the impartial attitude of a true neutral.

Such, in brief, are the embarrassing alternatives which confront a nation in its efforts to preserve neutrality in the face of a world-wide war vitally affecting its own interests as well as those of the belligerents.

It would seem clear, therefore, in whatever light one regards neutrality, whether from the point of view of the rights of neutrals or of the obligations of neutrals, that during a war of great proportions and significance a neutral nation must necessarily find itself in a most trying position. It cannot possibly escape some of the direct, as well as the incidental hardships of war. When the family of nations is thrown into chaos, all its members must suffer in varying degree.

Under such circumstances, it must again be emphasized, a neutral nation may find itself goaded by its immediate or ultimate best interests to take up arms. It must make certain, however, that it fights for interests of general and fundamental importance, not for technical rights of a temporary, or possibly, doubtful significance. As a responsible member of the family of nations the neutral must be sure it does not follow a policy of unenlightened self-interest or shirk its duty to seek international justice and order. It cannot do this merely by a passive attitude of neutrality. It "cannot strike up the swords of the combatants by putting swords into their hands."

It would seem clear that under modern conditions of easy intercommunication, of the intimate interdependence of

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nations, no great nation can affect a selfish indifference to the interests of other nations, whether in times of peace or times of war. The breakdown of international order must vitally affect every nation. The existence of international injustice, threats of aggression, lust for territory, ambitions to restrict the freedom of others, contempt for the basic principles of international law: all this must arouse any self-respecting nation from a state of callous indifference. The issues of a great war are of too deep significance for the cause of international order and world-peace to permit of real neutrality. As Westlake so forcefully points out:

> There is no general duty of maintaining the condition of neutrality. On the contrary, the general duty of every member of society is to promote justice within it, and peace only on the footing of justice, such being the peace which alone is of much value or likely to be durable . . . We may sum up by saying that neutrality is not morally justifiable unless intervention in the war is unlikely to promote justice, or could do so only at a ruinous cost to the neutral.

Lorimer, the great Scotch publicist, also deserves to be quoted in this same sense.

> When a question has arisen between two States, and, above all, when that question has led to war, the object of international law is, not to ignore the war, but to remove the cause which has led to it; and this involves giving to the question, not the cheapest and speediest, but the most exhaustive, and, as such, the most permanent solution. There may be cases in which that object may be, or may seem to be, attainable by neutrality or by intervention, indifferently; and in such cases an option between these two courses will, no doubt, be jurally open to the State which is unable to decide between them. But such cases must always be rare; and the acknowledged interdependence of states in our own time tends to render them rarer and rarer . . .

After emphasizing the undoubted tendency of all schemes for international organization and the maintenance of world-peace toward intervention, Lorimer goes on to say:

> 'Charity begins at home,' and the real interests of his own country must always be the first consideration of the statesman; but to identify a policy of neutrality with the interests of international peace is one of the strangest hallucinations that ever took possession of clear-headed men.

Holding views of this character, it is not strange that Lorimer should find only two grounds of justification for a

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nation's remaining neutral: (1) "Involuntary ignorance, or intellectual and consequent moral inability to participate in belligerency"; (2) "Impotence or physical inability to participate in war."

It would seem as if Lorimer's statements were somewhat too sweeping, and fail to take into account localized wars between remote nations not intimately connected with other members of the family of nations, Bolivia and Peru, for example. The neutrality of Sweden in such a case would be fully justified. But on the whole it still remains true that there is an increasing realization of the interdependence of nations which renders their misfortunes and struggles of deep concern to each other. A remarkable manifestation of this tendency is the proposed League to Enforce Peace. Viewed either as a kind of international executive or as a disguised form of alliance, this League is a bold enunciation of the duty of intervention to preserve peace. It is a frank abandonment of the idea of neutrality. It is an admission of the truth of Westlake's assertion that there is no duty of neutrality. It is a recognition of the fact that neutrality is usually humiliating and ignominious.

By way of summary then, the preceding considerations concerning the larger aspects of neutrality raised by the question of the sale of munitions of war by a neutral would seem to warrant the following conclusions.

I. Neutrality, like war itself, is entirely abnormal. It is based on necessity, which, as Lorimer points out, "is not a source of normal rights and duties."

II. Belligerent interests take precedence over neutral interests. If a nation tries to remain neutral it finds it must suffer many restrictions and infringements of the rights of peace.

III. It is impossible for a neutral in the varying fortunes of a war to remain the friend of both belligerents. It cannot alter its course according to the course of the contest. It cannot preserve a perfect neutrality. It cannot observe a "benevolent" neutrality and remain truly neutral.

IV. If a neutral nation does not wish to remain in a humiliating position it must be prepared to fight in behalf of its own best interests.

V. If a neutral nation chooses to fight, it must be certain that it fights on the side of international order and justice.

VI. It is the positive duty of a nation as a member of the

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family of nations to actively assist in the maintenance of international order and justice. A neutral nation must necessarily become both a judge and a party in a world-war. Its own best interests require that it should make certain that such a war ends to the advantage of the whole world. Mediation, abstention from intervention, indifferent neutrality, are of slight value or of no value at all. The self-respecting nation, capable of vision and of sacrifice, and willing to play its part as a world-Power, will not shrink from the cost and the dangers of intervention. Ignominious neutrality will be treated with just contempt as the refuge of a timid, selfish people, faithless to their duty as responsible members of the great community of nations.

PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN.

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CHRISTIANITY AND THE SWORD

BY CANON SAMUEL McCOMB

Of all the ironies which have been produced by the present world-conflict, none, perhaps, is more singular than the spectacle of Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Lowes Dickinson championing the cause of Christianity against its official interpreters and the vast mass of its adherents. These distinguished persons assure us that for some two thousand years Christendom has been hopelessly out of harmony with the ideals of its Founder in acting on the assumption that war, under certain circumstances and in a world such as we actually find this world to be, is not only justifiable but even morally obligatory.

Mr. Dickinson observes, with charming simplicity, that Jesus surely meant what He said when He praised the virtues of peace, and refused the aid of the sword. It would be a mistake, of course, to take Mr. Shaw too seriously, but in his entertaining if somewhat flippant skit which prefaces the last published volume of his plays he appears now and then to take himself seriously, and to imagine that he has really studied the New Testament, and now tells to the world for the first time its genuine meaning, freed from the glosses of priest and scribe. In the course of some one hundred and forty pages he has covered the whole field of Christian Origins and the meaning of Christian Theology, to which a Strauss, a Holtzmann, a Hatch, and a Lightfoot did not think it too much to devote a life-time. It need hardly be said that in the course of Mr. Shaw's investigations he has made many startling discoveries — discoveries which modern scholarship must gaze at with something of the wonder with which the uninitiated read the stories recorded in the proceedings of the Psychical Research Society. Here is one which I wish to take as the starting point of this paper: *Barabbas is the typical militarist; Jesus is the Founder of*

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pacificism: Christendom has chosen Barabbas, though it formally owns the name of Christ and takes His cross as a standard.

There is no more confusing issue today than the relation of the Christian religion to the problem of war,—none in which more counsel is darkened by words without knowledge. At first sight the teaching of Christ seems plain and unmistakable. Do we not call Him "The Prince of Peace"? Has He not invoked a special benediction upon the peacemakers, and the meek, and the persecuted for righteousness' sake? Is not non-resistance to evil one of His fundamental ideas? When Peter drew his sword in his Master's defense in the Garden, was he not rebuked with the words, "Put up again thy sword into its place; for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword"? Is not "Peace" one of the characteristic signs of the working of the new spirit in the hearts of men? Lastly, is not the Kingdom which Jesus ushered in, a Kingdom of Peace? Does it not follow as the night the day that all Christian men must be pacificists or else cease to be Christian? So it would seem; and yet here is the amazing but indisputable fact of history that, with barely an exception, all Christian teachers from the second century till the present time, from Justin Martyr to James Martineau, decline to draw the inference. Here is something to give us pause and to challenge the generally accepted view. We turn back to the Gospels to discover that the pacificist has told us only half the story. What does Christ mean when He says, "Think not that I am come to send peace upon earth. I am come not to send peace, but a sword." What are we to make of these hard words?—"I am come to send fire on the earth, and what will I if it be already kindled." How are we to interpret this militant saying?—"He that hath none, let him sell his cloak and buy a sword." What kind of peace is it that this Man loves who yet with violence drives the traders out of the temple, overthrows the tables of the money changers, and holds by force of arms the precincts of the Holy Place against its legal guardians? Be it noted that all the words are equally authentic, the non-pacificist as well as the pacificist. That Jesus meant what He said is indeed most true; but the question is, What did He mean?

Now when paradoxical sayings fall from the lips of a

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serious thinker we must get behind them, if possible, to the personality from whom they come; we must discover, if we can, what light the course of his life, the response to his environment, throws upon his actions. Apply this principle to the question before us. What does Jesus mean by "Peace"? There are many who ascribe to Him the philosophy of Mr. Chadband: "Oh, my friends, what is peace? Is it war? No, it is not war." But Christ does not teach that mere absence of wounds and pain and agony and death is a good, much less the highest good. The lust of gain meets with as sharp condemnation from Him as the lust of cruelty: the overmastering desire of pleasure and selfish ease is, in His view, as ruinous to the soul as thirst for conquest and military domination. In a word, the peace which Jesus wishes for the world is not the cheap peace which we are told ought to be bought at any cost, even at the cost of the idealism of the nations. The term "peace," therefore, is ambiguous. In itself it has no moral or spiritual quality whatever. Before we can attribute such a quality to it we must inquire on what foundation it rests, and what are the ends which it subserves. For example, I cannot doubt that were Christ once more among us in the flesh, He would strip a large element in the Peace Movement of our time of its humanitarian mask and reveal its hidden motives of commercial greed and enlightened self-interest; He would proclaim that peace for the sake of a pseudo-cosmopolitanism is as the devil robed in the garment of light; He would approve the feeling that lies behind Mrs. Browning's lines:

> I love no peace which is not fellowship,
> And which includes not mercy. I would have
> Rather the raking of the guns across
> The world . . .
> Such things are better than a Peace that sits
> Beside a hearth in self-commended mood,
> And takes no thought how wind and rain by fits
> Are howling out of doors . . .
> What! your peace admits
> Of outside anguish while it keeps at home?
> I loathe to take its name upon my tongue.
> 'Tis nowise peace. 'Tis treason, stiff with doom,—
> 'Tis gagged despair, and inarticulate wrong.

The truth is that the attempt to make Jesus the champion of a pacificism which, in the words of John Stuart Mill, pro-

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ceeds "from the degraded feeling that thinks nothing worth a war," is doomed to failure.

The traditional portrait of Jesus as the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with griefs, the meek sufferer bowing to the insults and wrongs which man heaped upon Him, the mild and gentle teacher who yielded humbly to the forces of evil and taught His followers to do the same—such a view of His personality is extremely one-sided and has tended to create a false conception which modern learning is doing its best to dissipate. As a recent investigator has said, "The heroic recedes from our modern world view, our Christianity, and our conception of the person of Jesus. Wherefore men have humanised and humbled Him. Renan has stripped off His halo and reduced Him to a sentimental figure, coward spirits like Schopenhauer have dared to appeal to Him for their enervating philosophy. . . . We must go back to the point where we can feel again the heroic in Jesus." The thing that impresses the historian is not His pacific virtues: it is His combativeness, His stern challenge to the ruling powers of the world. He is the champion of the spirit daring evil to do its worst, provoking it to pour out the vials of its hate and wrath.

Had He been a pacificist after the mind of Mr. Bryan and the Peace Movement, He would have carefully avoided the borders of Judaea, would have withdrawn into the interior of Galilee, where He would have lived safely among a friendly populace, and would have died in old age—and Christianity would have died with Him. For now we know from the deeper study of the Gospels that there was no historical necessity for His tragic end. In common with all devout men in His time and place, He conceived that the Kingdom of God was at hand, and this Kingdom meant, according to ancient prophecy, the reign of peace and blessedness. But the Kingdom could come only through agony and suffering. It must be preceded by Armageddon, in which all the forces of wrong should make their last desperate attack upon the powers of God and should be finally overthrown, yet not without intense suffering of the innocent even unto bloodshed and death. It is this very Kingdom with all its antecedent horrors that Jesus proclaims, and not only proclaims but seeks to hasten by His ministry of preaching and healing. One of the main functions of His calling was to arouse men to repentance and a new life, that

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they might, as it were, bring the Kingdom down to earth by violence. Jesus, therefore, is willing to risk a world catastrophe for the sake of an ultimate good, the Kingdom of Peace. Therefore, to Him the worst evil that can befall man is not pain nor distress, nor even death. The evil greater than which there is none is a state of permanent injustice. That this world should be the scene of oppression and wrong, of the triumph of brute force, is to Him intolerable. Hence His journey from the north country to Jerusalem to fling down His last challenge to the men who reign there, to summon them to accept His message and recognize Him for what He is, the true spiritual Leader of His people. We know the result: He was put out of the way as an anarchist and a blasphemer. But again it must be said, He need not have died—on pacificist principles.

We live in a different world from that which the Master knew. The eschatological ideas of His age are for us but curiosities. It follows that, as the background against which He worked and taught falls away, it is necessary for us to re-interpret His words in accordance with the spirit that moved Him. For us the hand on the dial of the world-clock does not point to the final hour. Long vistas of time stretch in front of us, and we have learned not to be

> Impatient of the stars that keep their course,
> And make no pathway for the coming Judge.

Christianity is, as Christ Himself taught, a leaven that has yet to leaven the whole lump of mankind. The leaven needs time, for it has obstacles to overcome. The leaven which Christ put in the center of human life is the leaven of love, of brotherhood, of self-sacrifice; in a word, of the enthusiasm of humanity. Forgiveness of injuries, and the love of enemies, are the rules of the Kingdom. The weapons with which the battles of Christ are to be fought are not weapons of flesh, but the spirit, mighty to the pulling down of strongholds. Hence, all war is alien to the genius of the Gospel, and the spirit of the Nazarene is slowly but surely destroying the roots from which war springs. The natural order and the spiritual order stand over against each other as real and ideal. In the ideal order war is impossible, for the law that rules is the law of self sacrifice; "He that would be greatest of all, let him be the servant of all." But this ideal order is as yet future; it is only potentially present.

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Still further, if it is not to remain a mere ideal but to actualize itself in time, there must be built up a material framework within which it may develop. In other words, the State is a necessity to the very existence of Christianity, and more than once in history has the State preserved Christianity from extinction by warding off its enemies with a sword.

We live in a world full of clashing interests, at the mercy of instincts not yet moralized and Christianized, and here war is not only possible but inevitable. Now the fundamental blunder of the average peace advocate is that he tends to apply directly and at once an ideal to a world that is preeminently unideal, to efface at one blow the deep-rooted tendencies of national history and to taste prematurely the joys of the millennial era. To say that this procedure is dangerous is to put the matter mildly. Just as weakness may have even worse results than wickedness, so pacificism is an even greater menace to the holiest treasure of culture and civilization than Prussianism itself. A man does not need to be very highly evolved in order to reject the ideal of the Pagan masquerading in the guise of a Christian with an iron cross; but pacificism appeals to some of the finest and noblest instincts of our nature, and backs up its appeal by identifying itself with Christianity. Herein lies its subtle power for mischief. It injects a doubt into the heart of every man who would draw his sword in defense of liberty or of law, and thus it paralyzes the arm uplifted to smite the oppressor.

The Apostle Paul, who was the most idealistic of men, was at the same time a master of commonsense, and he teaches obedience to the magistrate as one who "beareth not the sword in vain." But if the State has a right to use physical force for the maintenance of internal order, who can deny that it also has the right to use physical force in order to guard itself against violence from without? We can imagine a community internally governed by regard for the common good, in which each citizen would serve his own interests by first of all serving the interests of the community, by losing his life in the larger life of the whole. But suppose an enemy should arise armed with the philosophy of the superman, for whom the Christian ideal would be the quintessence of weakness: How could the Christian State maintain itself against the non-Christian?

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Surely it is clear that the soldier's vocation is not an evil in itself, but may become an evil. As Augustine says, "Not the profession of a soldier, but his evil disposition, makes him an enemy to the common good." The soldier may cast aside every thought of himself and die in defense of the right in the spirit of a martyr. The civilian at home may crush with ruthless strength his commercial rival, or may attack his ecclesiastical opponents with weapons perfectly peaceful yet thoroughly carnal.

The real distinction, therefore, is not, as the pacifist would have it, between the method of moral suasion and the method of physical force, but between the motive of aggressive and selfish ambition, and the motive of devotion to an ideal that goes beyond all selfish interest. It is curiously suggestive to find that the militarist and the pacificist, though formally antagonistic, have really a kind of tacit concordat. By their methods of making war as obnoxious as possible, the champions of the doctrine that Might is Right give a most powerful argument to the man who, rather than suffer the heavy hand of Might, prefers to let Right go by the board. And so the other way about, the pacificist plays into the hands of the militarist by offering him a defenseless world and unimpeded scope for the full display of his anti-human energies.

Surely there is a pacifism which is at once truly rational and truly Christian. Socrates, that "Christian before Christ," was a pacificist even to the point of maintaining that it were better for the just man to allow himself to be slain than to slay the unjust; yet on three famous occasions this pacificist appeared in shining armor in defense of home and kindred, and used his weapons with such skill and vehemence as to call forth the admiration of the beholders. So a believer in a religion of peace dare not turn a deaf ear to the call of his people for his courage and self-devotion, but must go forth not only to die, but, if possible, to make others die. Yet the fact remains that war is an evil, and would be quite impossible in a world governed by Christian principles.

A rational pacificism would, therefore, strike at the causes of the war spirit within each nation. It would give no quarter to jingoism, to an over-strained patriotism fed upon ignorance and contempt of other peoples, to the spirit that surrounds the profession of arms with all the pomp and

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circumstances of a superior caste. It would search out diligently the economical and political forces that generate national hatreds and conflicts. It would insist on each Government acting justly toward each other. It would not rest until the diplomacy that has in its hand the issues of life and death for countless men should be made amenable to the public conscience and its decrees open to revision, ere the signal for slaughter be given. In a word, it would apply the democratic principle of Christianity in the sphere of international relations, and it would perceive the vision of a world-wide propaganda for justice, for the realization of a larger good which includes the welfare of others as well as of self.

But work of this sort is slow and does not yield much grist for the mill of the second-rate politician; yet without this mighty hope we must despair of this world and its affairs. But hope that is seen is not hope. War must pass; so it is decreed by the Spirit of Humanity. But the hour for its passing has not yet struck. To act as if it had is to live in a land of dreams destined to be dispelled by a rude onset of reality, the horrid spectacle of a world in arms. And what will the dreamer do *in the day of visitation, in the desolation that shall come from far?*

SAMUEL MCCOMB.

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PUBLIC OPINION AND DEFENSE

BY MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM HARDING CARTER, U. S. A.

THE activities of societies for the prevention of international disputes and the practical fact of ever increasing armament afford indisputable evidence that upon no other subject are men further from agreement than that of the necessity for war. If there be a middle ground between the extremes of opinion in this matter, it will constitute a genuine claim to the world's gratitude if America shall mark the course and lead the way.

In the present state of the public mind, arising from a knowledge of the horrors of modern war, as depicted in current illustrations and news from the far-flung battle lines in Europe, there is danger of drawing general conclusions from isolated examples and of attempting to apply them to our country. There is no occasion for hysteria, inasmuch as our military problems have long been known and discussed with frankness and persistency. We have been slowly approaching a crisis which it was perfectly apparent would arrive whenever we attempted to detach from the mobile army garrisons and the coast fortifications within the United States the troops agreed upon as necessary for the defense of the Panama Canal, Hawaii, the Philippines and Alaska. Since the war with Spain we have simply drifted from one obligation to another endeavoring to solve each problem at the suggestion of expediency rather than the dictation of policy.

An educated public opinion is the best guarantee of wise, continuing and certain action, but it requires much study and reflection to arrive at a comprehensive knowledge of any policy of national dimensions.

It is now forty years since Congress undertook to formulate a military policy by means of a long series of hearings of distinguished officers of the Civil War. The result of an immense labor was the simple announcement that: "Our

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army is viewed as a nucleus wherein is to be acquired and preserved military knowledge and from which should radiate the elements of instruction and discipline, thus to form in time of war a competent force endowed with talent to direct it as a whole, and provided with agencies capable of grasping the responsibility, organization and distribution of numerous supplies necessary to the conduct of successful military operations."

With such a limitation the regular army fulfills its mission perfectly, but during the period which has elapsed since Congress accepted this elementary policy the world has undergone many political and territorial readjustments. Within our own territory during the same period we have experienced an industrial and agricultural development at such high pressure that an empire of mountain and prairie has been changed from hunting grounds of wild Indians to prosperous States. The war with Spain came and left in its wake new and untried problems, involving military occupation of the distant Philippine Islands. Hawaii, in its relation to world strategy, has increased enormously in importance since the completion of the Panama Canal. Alaska, too, takes on new value when strategical questions involving the Pacific are under consideration. With the completion of the Panama Canal the integrity of the Monroe Doctrine has become even more essential to our national self-interests, and the nation stands squarely for its maintenance by force of arms if need be.

All these things relate to military policy, but must be normally solved as subordinate questions of civil policy. This nation is not prepared now, and, under our form of government, never can be prepared, to announce beforehand what its action will be upon all world questions. We have given abundant evidence of our desire to avoid entanglements in the affairs of other nations and to arbitrate as far as may be possible all questions which do not compromise the nation's honor. It is morally certain that not only our altruistic ideas of fair play but the actual delimitations of our existing treaties of arbitration will prevent all preparations for war during the period provided for preliminary consideration of matters in dispute. Nations, signatories to such treaties with us, whose armies and reserves are always organized, have, therefore, a manifest advantage in case of the failure of diplomatic adjustment of questions at issue.

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A well-balanced distribution of the influence of nations, in the future as in the past, depends upon the ability of each to guard its own interests. A nation blessed with boundless resources and with the energy necessary to develop them has all the crude elements of military strength. Given unlimited time without interference, the multiplication of battleships and the creation of armies may follow along normal lines.

Such a business-like proceeding, however, is not apt to obtain with a virile and energetic opponent to dispute its progress. Modern wars do not allow much time for preparation before the first blow is struck, and it is the first battle which counts most when the appeal to arms has been made. The prestige of a proud nation may be sadly lowered by lack of foresight and preparedness, and patriotism and material interest alike suggest the propriety of giving the highest moral support to those who undertake to fit the nation in time of peace for the shocking realities of war.

It is clearly a national duty to provide for the contingencies of war before the occasion for the use of armies shall arise; but Congress should not lightly be charged with neglect nor held up to scorn for failure to adopt every suggestion as to military and naval preparedness, for experienced legislators well know that policies change with chameleon-like rapidity, and that continuing and large appropriations must be explained and defended by practical facts and not with flights of oratory.

There is a fellowship and a freemasonry in politics difficult for the layman to understand, but directly traceable to pressure of constituents in behalf of local interests. Many worthy causes are sacrificed as hostages to political expediency even when great principles are at stake.

Under the pressure of grave emergencies, no other nation has been more prodigal than America in giving of its wealth for military and naval purposes. In normal times, however, there is no more thankless task than that of endeavoring to prove to one's fellow citizens that we should not only preserve the excellent features of past military systems, but also bend our efforts to avoid the repetition of past humiliating experiences.

It is a wise business safeguard to take account of stock occasionally, and examine into current methods to determine if an establishment is on a proper basis as compared

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with competitors. These same principles apply forcefully to military preparation. Success in war depends upon military preparedness, which, in turn, is based upon organized military resources. Loyal men, physically fit and trained, properly provided with war materials and sustained by the moral support of the nation, constitute the only guarantee of victory and an avoidance of national humiliation.

If we would avoid the waste inseparable from going to war without due preparation, we must be ready with a complete system for passing from a peace to a war establishment. Thus only may we avoid a repetition of the humiliation of having masses of patriotic young men in unsanitary camps, qualifying for the pension roll through lack of previous training in all that makes the soldier fit and worthy of the name. If Americans are ever called upon to fight for national existence against a combination of foreign foes, it is possible that volunteers would exceed the available guns, but there is nothing in our past history to justify the claim. The bounty and draft records sadly discount the orators on this subject. The right of a rich man to buy the services of a poor man as his substitute in war ought to be branded as one of the shameless practices of the Civil War to be forever banished by a Government which has as its cornerstone the political equality of men. The records show conclusively that the theory that every citizen of the Republic stands ready to march to its defense is wholly fallacious. Even if true, there would still remain the lamentable fact that mere readiness does not carry with it actual fitness.

It is unhappily true that in none of our wars has the Government been able to count upon the active political support, or even the good will, of all the nation. As to physical support, we have the deadly statistics of the Civil War, when the very life of the Union was at stake. Of the 2,778,304 men and boys who enlisted in the Union army, only 46,626 were over 24 years of age, and of the total enlisted, 2,159,798 were 21 years of age and under. There were five times as many boys of 16 years of age and under as there were men of 25 years of age and over. Similar conditions have existed in all our wars, and this explains why pensions continue through so many years after the close of every conflict. The evil will never be corrected until a system is adopted which will call upon well-developed men, as well as boys, for service in war.

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There are many well-meaning people who contend that there should be no more wars and that military preparation begets a belligerent spirit. To formulate the incontrovertible but historical facts necessary to disprove the specious arguments of these advocates of peace at any price, would require an expenditure of time and mental effort which may be more profitably devoted to considering facts as we find them.

American pluck and luck have carried the nation through several conflicts and always with the same results, an immediate tightening of the purse-strings regarding all expenditures for military preparation. This unwise policy has met with approval in the past because there has never been serious public disapproval of it.

The formulation of policies to fit the problems resulting from the war with Spain was rendered extremely difficult because of the great diversity of opinion as to the wisdom of retaining colonial possessions, and both Congress and the executive departments have been compelled to adjust important affairs as dictated by the expediency of the moment. As other and equally grave problems have arisen, they have perforce received similar treatment and, in consequence, the army is now in a state of attenuation in relation to its widespread duties, indicating that the limit of elasticity has been reached.

It should not be assumed that the army has not been kept up to the highest possible state of discipline and efficiency consistent with its strength. Since the war with Spain nearly everything connected with arms and equipment has been changed in the effort to improve our army, whose morale, intelligence and battle training compare favorably with any troops. All these things are beyond question and are admitted by world critics.

Innumerable articles have been published from within and from without the army in the effort to secure the adoption of this or that measure of relief. Several years ago the proposition to create a Council of Defense was brought forward as a panacea for all our evils, inasmuch as one of the main functions of the council would be to formulate policies. The composition of the council included the President, several cabinet officers, chairmen of Senate and House Committees, military and naval officers. Nearly every one of these officials is burdened beyond his reasonable capacity with

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work requiring study and executive action. The prospect of their attendance at meetings and their active personal consideration of important measures would be very remote.

The existing methods of providing for the organization and support of the numerous instrumentalities of government, including the army, have resulted from more than a century of legislative experience. The well-developed and understood method of accomplishing modifications of our military system, as an outcome of this long experience, contemplates that detailed bills embracing the necessary legislation shall be prepared at the War Department, and transmitted to Congress by the Secretary of War, with the approval of the President, for appropriate action. Comprehensive measures other than those recommended by the Secretary of War are seldom reported out of committee. Should a change of our military system be deemed necessary or a new military policy of any character be desired, there is no reason to suppose that a Council of Defense could obtain results superior to those worked out by the General Staff Corps and presented in the usual way direct to Congress. If Congress in its representation of the people deems action timely and wise, it will come; if they do not approve of immediate action, the recommendation of a Council of Defense would not alter matters.

While certain principles of the art of war remain unchanged from generation to generation, the material used by modern armies has become extremely complicated, so that we require many highly trained technical corps, in order that we may not lose any of the advantage which may be derived from the scientific application of modern inventions to the complex machinery of a great army. It is the special care of the regular army that the interests of the nation shall not suffer from any neglect to avail ourselves of every modern invention applicable to military purposes. This frequently involves sending to the scrap-heap implements and material only recently made the basis of self-congratulation because of their perfection as elements of defense.

It is not the character of our army or of the implements of war with which we are provided which have been giving us such grave concern, but the absence of a satisfactory system for maintaining in peace a trained force of citizens available in sufficient numbers to meet the emergencies of modern war.

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It is a fact, too obvious to require argument, that nearly every proposition looking to the inauguration of a military peace establishment to meet the exigencies of war that has been submitted to Congress, has been based on what would probably obtain favorable action by that body rather than on conviction as to the needs of the case. A most glaring instance of this occurred subsequent to the war with Spain when the necessity for an increase of the regular army became urgent. The preparation of the measure for the reorganization of the army, which became a law February 2, 1901, was intrusted to the writer, who, a quarter of a century before, had had the privilege of serving under that rare student, General Emory Upton. When it was made known that the proposed bill contained provisions for the establishment of a General Staff Corps, instructions were received to leave out those provisions and every feature liable to cause argument and delay the passage of a measure having as its main feature a considerable increase of the army, urgently needed at the time to release volunteers whose terms of enlistment were about to expire.

A commission, comprised mainly of ex-officers of the Union and Confederate armies, which investigated conditions arising in the war with Spain, had found and reported upon certain specific defects of our military system, but it seemed nobody's business to initiate the necessary corrections.

In an article by the writer entitled "Will America Profit by Her Recent Military Lessons?" which appeared in May, 1902, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the most important paragraph indicated as follows the reform demanded in our military system:

> The one crying need of the army during the first half century has been the want of a General Staff Corps, or body of officers whose business it is to do the preliminary planning for the army and to make of its various elements a more harmonious working machine. In this connection, a "Chief of Staff" must be substituted for the "Commanding General of the Army," or the General Staff will fall short of its full value. There is no place under our constitution for a "commander-in-chief" and a "commanding general"; and when this is recognized by appropriate legislation, the unbusiness-like methods and constant friction will disappear, to the great benefit of the country and army.

The war with Spain had placed the nation in a position

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where it could no longer afford to neglect questions of such grave import to its future welfare, but an easy triumph and the sudden spreading of our wings as a "world-power" tended to a complacency fatal to the correction of many serious defects.

Our nation has no policy of territorial aggrandizement and does not cherish animosity towards any other nation. We have recently undertaken a solution of the question of national defense, but as yet the means provided do not assure a trained force sufficiently potential and immediately available for the exigencies of war as now comprehended in the operations of modern armies.

William Harding Carter.

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THE GENIUS OF ENGLAND

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

THE English are not only, as has often been observed, the most individual of people, but England is also the most individual of nations. That is the natural result of the peculiar position of England as a citadel in the sea. At the outset, the strong and adventurous alone might dare to approach the forbidding shores of this island, to seize and to hold it. A process of selection was thus exercised on all would-be invaders. Only the men of vigorous and original individuality could be tempted to this hazardous enterprise across the waves, only such men could overcome the risks of this dangerous coast and achieve success in their daring task.

When once the island was peopled by a strong race its qualities as a citadel could be utilized. For a thousand years there has been no great hostile invasion of England. The various bands of daring adventurers who seized the land, once firmly welded together, have been free to develop their native characteristics as individualistic sea-faring adventurers, and on that basis to elaborate their culture and display their special genius.

Many of the most marked and the most discrepant traits of the Englishman are accounted for when we bear in mind that he is thus the outcome of a special, perhaps unique, process of selection. That process has made him adventurer and pirate, dreamer and poet, passionately devoted to freedom, independent to the verge of eccentricity, resourceful and versatile, not only a stern moralist peculiarly apt for piety but an aggressive colonizer and a hard-headed, practical man of business. It is necessary to emphasize this factor in the causation of the Englishman because it seems usually to be overlooked.

At the same time we need by no means neglect the influ-

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ence of race in the making of the English. The races that have their part in the British nation are so various, and the persistence of their characteristics are so visible even to-day, that the crudest theorist in England finds himself invoking the racial factor to explain any puzzling trait in his fellow countrymen.

Roughly speaking, the earlier invasions were of dark peoples and the later invasions of fair peoples. The result has been that, notwithstanding the high degree of amalgamation which has been taking place from the first, the west side of Britain holds a population which is largely of dark pigmentation, while the population of the east side is almost throughout of light pigmentation. These external differences in appearance are associated with equally marked internal differences in temperament. Thus the whole country constitutes a kind of electric battery with an eastern pole and a western pole, whereby a continuous circulation of energy takes place, the two unlike elements forever stimulating, reinforcing, and moderating each other. So are formed vital currents which have often produced friction, and yet largely served to generate the vigor of the English people.

When we come to analyze more specifically the racial elements which make up the two poles of this battery, and to consider what special qualities they may have contributed, apart from the selective process of the sea, to the constitution of the English nation, we are somewhat in doubt as to the earliest recognizable element. We may be certain that it was largely dark, we may assume that it had its chief home in the Mediterranean, and we may choose to call it Iberian, bearing in mind always the influence of the selectional process which has to some extent modified the original character of all the invaders of Britain. This element, combined with more rugged elements of obscure origin, has become closely united with the second main body of invaders, the Goidels followed by the Brythons and both Celts, these uniting with the earlier elements to constitute together what we now commonly call the "Celtic" population of Britain. It is evident, however, that the stocks of earlier arrival than the Goidels and Brythons must count for much; for they imparted to the Celtic blood not only its dark complexion and its robust constitution, but also its stubborn tenacity, its obstinate independence,—unchangeable even beneath the mask of a gracious suavity,—for these are qualities altogether unlike

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those of the Gallic Celts whom Strabo has described so well, receptive, versatile, and unstable. The Belgae, however, the modern Walloons of Southern Belgium, form the natural links between the Celts of France and of Britain. When one is among the people of Liége and the neighborhood one has more the sense of being among people with the special air and carriage of the English than in perhaps any other region of the opposite coast.

The well combined product of these early waves of invasion—all later admixtures in the West being subordinate—which we are pleased to call "Celtic" constitutes a permanent and clearly marked element in the collective whole of "England." These people possess a natural distinction, an inborn refinement, quite independent of material civilization—the Irish, even of high social class, as Fynes Moryson bore witness, sometimes dispensed with clothing as late as the seventeenth century—which often stamped their features and is marked in their gracious carriage and courteous speech. This is found in every division of the Celtic race in Britain, however variously modified, alike in Ireland and the Scotch Highlands, in Wales and in Cornwall. It seems to testify to the undoubted fact that these people have behind them a much more ancient culture than the later English. They are of alert intelligence and quick wit, democratic in their instincts, ready of response to the appeal of the ideal, impassioned orators, imaginative in vision and impetuous in action, yet with a certain coolness, sometimes even hardness of temperament, which often seems to preserve them from their own excessiveness, and enables them indeed to mock at the excessiveness of others, for they seem too emotional themselves to overrate the value of emotion. The vivacity of their nerves makes them not only dreamers and idealists but apt also for action, and even too readily fighters. In all these respects the Celtic side of Britain has an individuality of its own which distinguishes it from the Eastern side in which the elements brought by later waves of invasion remain predominant.

The "Anglo-Saxon" wave furnished what is usually considered to be the Germanic element in the English. Strictly speaking, this came, according to the best modern opinions, from the south of Denmark and the adjoining region still further south and to the west. It was made up of two or three tribes, the Angles, who seem to have come

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from Angel in Schleswig, and the Jutes, probably from Jutland, and the Saxons, from the region immediately to the south of Denmark, not identical with modern Saxony, so that we must not too hastily assume that it is from a sense of blood-relationship that even in the Great War of today there has been more good feeling between the English and the Saxons than with any of the other German peoples to whom the English have been opposed. On the whole this invasion was that of a Low German population, with Scandinavian affinities. The Frisians who occupied, and still occupy, the north west corner of Continental Europe, seem to have been almost identical with the Saxons, and the language which they speak in Dutch Friesland is nearer to English than any other tongue. The Englishman of to-day can easily understand Frisian, even fragments of Flemish, but the High German tongue has left no marks on England. The High Germans, indeed, were too far east to be attracted to England. They were a vigorous, war-like, migratory race, but the great sweeps of their migrations usually curved in a southerly or southwesterly direction, traversing Italy and Spain and even Eastern France, but not expanding further towards the west. Of the tribes invading England, the Jutes had various customs of their own which they brought with them to Kent, but the Angles and the Saxons seem much more closely related, in the opinion of some authorities even identical, and it has been argued that the term "Anglo-Saxon" may simply mean "English Saxons."

This Anglo-Saxon invasion was an eruption of savage warriors into a peaceful and civilized population. For we must remember that for centuries the Romans had been in possession, and though we cannot say that the Roman armies made any recognizable contribution to the composition of the British population—for they had long ceased to be recruited mainly in Rome—yet Roman civilization, Roman organization, Roman luxury had permeated Britain. These invaders from Denmark had hitherto come into but slight contact with Roman influences which had no meaning for them. When they had hewed their way through with fire and the sword, they allowed the beautiful refinements of the Roman villas to fall into decay, until concealed by the grass-land under which we find them to-day, and built their own wooden settlements outside. This wave of invasion thus marked a great gulf in the culture of Britain, and that accounts for

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the contrast between East and West which all the leveling influence of a thousand years have not effaced to-day.

The Anglo-Saxons extinguished civilization in Britain, although they brought with them a culture of their own which has sometimes been underrated. They constituted, moreover, an element which was destined to be of high value in the final development of the English nation. It is true that early historians have sometimes unduly magnified the part of the Anglo-Saxons in England; they have failed to realize the immense importance alike of the earlier and the later invasions; an England that was all Anglo-Saxon could scarcely have hoped for a larger career in the world than Saxony or Friesland, or so large a career as Scandinavian Denmark. But all the Germanic tribes have possessed, as Ferrero has pointed out, the precious aptitude to act as a cement to other racial stocks, binding together elements which have sometimes been of higher qualities than themselves. They were probably not democratic in the communal or clannish way of the early British, or the individualistic way of the later invaders; like all the Germans, they cultivated caste distinctions, the violation of which was punishable by death. This caste feeling still flourished even when the Anglo-Saxon was overlaid by new waves of invasion. It has so come about that the Anglo-Saxons constitute the solid, persistent plebeian element of the English population; this is expressed even in physical type, and the heavy peasant of a Saxon focus like Surrey and Sussex shows nothing of the distinction of the Highlander or the Cornishman, while these predominantly Saxon regions have produced the minimum proportion of English genius. The Anglo-Saxon has ever possessed a sturdy obstinacy, an independent commonsense, well typified by the South Saxon peasant, William Cobbett. Though " terrible for bravery and agility " the Saxons were fundamentally conservative from the first, the least apt to wander of all Germanic tribes, and in the great Germanic migrations of the early centuries after Christ, Saxons and Frisians and Angles still clung to their old ground on the bank of the Elbe. It is, perhaps, not an accident after all, that England has been named from the Anglo-Saxon. He has not been her brain, but he has perhaps been her backbone, even in an almost literal sense, for the most unmixed Anglo-Saxons run right down the center of the land, between the earlier British whom they rolled back to the coast, and the

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later North-men who have encroached on the Eastern shores. Without the Anglo-Saxon England would be impotent; in every conflict of war, in every task of peace, he has been the weapon and the implement.

Before the English people became finally blended and tempered, it seems to have been the fate of each successive invasion to pass through a phase of enervation in this soft mild atmosphere and thus to yield to the onset of the next wave. This happened to the Anglo-Saxons, they lost their sea-power, without being able to transmute it into an effective land power. So they were often helpless before the new generation of Scandinavian pirates who carried out the same methods in an even more vigorous and relentless way. They were not only highly selected invaders,—for they came from far to attack a firmly settled land, and only the stoutest could hope for success,—but they belonged at the outset to the most individualized of the invaders of these islands. In complexion they were the fairest of all, and in character the most enterprising, the most self-reliant, in their extreme types the most gloomy and the most eccentric. They have left today their distinguishable mark all around the northern coast and the outlying islands. In place-names and family-names, in color of skin and eyes and hair, in traits of speech and character, the Danes thus remain in Norfolk and in Lincolnshire and in Durham and in Cumberland and in Furness, thickly on the coast and islands of Scotland, and sprinkled on the shores of Ireland. It can scarcely be a mere coincidence that it is in the Danish regions of England that I have most frequently met that John Bull who is supposed to be the typical Englishman. He is fair and high-colored, large of stature, of fleshy texture and rounded outlines, with not seldom the anxious mark on his face of his own physical weight, a little irritable, if not suspicious and defiant, though tender and emotional beneath, and sometimes he may be merely bucolic and sometimes he has the high intelligence and character, the gravity and firm decision of the finest Englishman, but always there is a certain personal consciousness, a burden of responsibility, whether the burden of his own health or the burden of ruling a province. So the Scandinavian influence in England has not been merely local, it has penetrated the national character. There has been no English King with a finer political genius than the Dane Canute, and the spirit of the North-man, with his grave sense of responsi-

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bility, primarily to himself rather than to others,—the sense of Shakespeare's injunction, "To thine own self be true," and the spirit of Ibsen's hero, who felt that he was most strong when most alone,—seems specially associated with the Danish element in the English. Even the plastic force of the Scandinavian tongue has had its marked influence on the structure of the English language, in its simple, concise, direct force, if not in the delicious ripple, as of a wavelet of the sea, which sorts so well with Scandinavian speech and is so remote from the speech of Germanic tongues.

The last great invasion was that of the Normans. It was the most fatefully decisive of all and set the final seal on the genius of England. The Norman was ultimately of the same stock as the North-men of the preceding wave of invasion. It was that fact which gave so much significance to the Norman Conquest of England. Of all the Norman conquests in Europe, as Freeman pointed out, that of England alone proved permanently effective, and the reason was that only in England were they on a soil over which their own seed had already been plentifully sprinkled. Here alone their potent genius could work on congenial elements and achieve permanent results. Yet the Normans' task of invasion was harder than any that went before, needing all the energies of the great general and consummate administrator who achieved it.

Every fresh invader of England had added to the strength of England. After the Norman Conquest, no further conquest seems to have been found possible. England had become what later the French Ambassador to Charles II found it to be, "one vast citadel." The Great Armada, which the world-empire of Spain sent against England, merely served to strew the coast with wrecks, as the Duke of Würtemburg noted twenty years later; the great expedition of Napoleon never even left the would-be invader's harbors; and the attempts of the Germans today to attack England have only been rendered possible by the cultivation of extreme rapidity in flight. The Normans, it must be remembered, were the most vigorous race of their time. Concentrated centripetal force in combination with explosive centrifugal force —the aptitude to acquire and the aptitude to expand—in them reached maximum intensity. They represented the finest flower of strong northern individuality developed in the favorable soil of the orderly Latin civilization of France.

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They were, as they remain in France today, narrowly acquisitive, but at the same time they shrank before no extravagance. In all things excessive, as their own ancient chronicler noted, they infused something of that excessiveness into the composite English blood. Yet they were no longer pirates. They were trained in warfare and government; they knew how to found principalities and kingdoms even in the far Mediterranean. They cultivated the arts with daring and brilliant success, and they had a passion for law, even to the extent of contentiousness. Their primitive energy of ruthlessness had become transformed into a genius for organization and an instinct for just, if severe, administration. "A beast, but a just beast," was the schoolboy's verdict on Archbishop Temple as schoolmaster; it has, rightly or wrongly, often been the verdict of the subject races in the East who have come upon this old Norman trait in their English rulers. Justice has been the chief secret of the mystery, as it has seemed to some, of the stability of English government at home and abroad, although it has often been but slowly and painfully achieved. It has indeed been said, truly or not, that justice is as peculiarly the trait of the English as reason is of the French or pity of the Russians.

The extent and the significance of the Norman invasion of England has sometimes been underestimated. When we enter the little church of Dives, in Normandy, from which William sailed, and read the list of his companions there inscribed, it may seem to us that we are only in the presence of a select body of great paladins whose influence on the national composition and character could scarcely have been great. The evidence of place-names and the more dubious evidence of family names in England seems to tell a different story. The wave of Norman migration, moreover, continued for a century after the Conqueror's arrival. The Norman and other French elements which thus came over were necessarily less highly selected than the Conqueror's companions, but must have mightily reinforced their influence. The main evidence for the strength of Norman influence in England is written in the course of English history. However well compact the varied elements of the English people may be, and, in so far as they are not compact, however well they may supplement each other, it is throughout the Norman spirit which has dominated England and largely directed English

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policy in the world. It is the Norman aristocratic dominance, Norman orderliness, Norman administrative energy, which have formulated the English oligarchic constitution and controlled the growth of English dominion in every quarter of the globe.

With the Norman invasion the elements of the English character were all brought together. Nothing further was needed but their permeation and elaboration, their slow development to self-consciousness. There have been minor infusions of new blood since, but these have merely served to reinforce elements already existing. Though small in amount, these later migrations have been precious in quality, for they have been attracted by that spirit of freedom and toleration in England which has offered a home to the finest-spirited refugees from neighboring lands. Thus it was that England accepted the Germans and Dutch, liberated the Jews, admitted numerous groups of artisans from Flanders who brought both their skill in handicraft and their sturdy independence to enrich the land of their adoption, and welcomed the French Huguenots, who, in the congenial English soil, were free so to develop their high intelligence and lofty character as to take rank among the most typical representatives of the English genius.

The genius of England, the special mark of the higher cultural activities of the nation, has been conditioned in part by the nature of the selectional process through which the country has been populated in successive waves of invasion, and in part by the varying character of the peoples thus introduced.

The result has been that, notwithstanding a slow process of mixture, the east coast of the British Islands has in every field of activity represented one aspect of the English spirit, while the west coast has represented a different and even opposed aspect of that same spirit. The purer representatives on each side have in this way contributed to the vitality of the English genius by opposing and supplementing each other, while the close connection between the two coasts has rendered possible racial blendings which have produced complete and typical representatives of that genius. There are numerous focal spots of genius in the British Islands, each with its own slightly varying characteristics, which we may, perhaps, trace back to the mediæval days when the composite character of the race and its attitude of jealous civil

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individualism caused Isle of Wight people to describe Hampshire people as "foreigners," and English towns to display as much hostility to other English towns as though, it has been said, they were in Normandy or Flanders. Such minor variations cannot, however, obscure the wider outlines of the picture presented by English genius.

This complementary opposition, and this racial blending to produce in one individual the union of the two opposites, is seen through the whole of English genius. It is a fascinating task to attempt to trace it out in different fields and to note the varying balance of genius in each field taken separately, for, as we might expect, the method of expression most successfully attained is not the same on both sides.[1]

There are indeed some forms of human activity for which there can scarcely fail to be some degree of aptitude in every region and every race. That is, for instance, the case in politics. Leaders in politics have arisen in all parts of the British Islands. At the same time they have always, to a remarkable extent, retained the impress of their race. This remains as true as ever, and among the British political leaders of today it is easy to observe how each expresses his own racial tendencies and his own personal heredity. In no field, indeed, is race seen to predominate over environment more clearly than in political genius. That is sometimes, indeed, a factor in political success. Parnell, with his haughty Anglo-Saxon reserve and shyness, his methodical subterranean tenacity, could win from his Irish Nationalist followers a loyalty they could scarcely have yielded to any purely Celtic leader. Disraeli, with his hard brilliance and dazzling Oriental imagination, an adventurer escaped from the Arabian Nights, still attracts, from the most conservative section of Anglo-Saxon England, a degree of sentimental affection never vouchsafed to Salisbury, the genuine and admirable personification of conservative England, and Lloyd George, the complete Celtic Welshman, and as such a natural object of suspicion and hostility to the Anglo-Saxon, is yet able to exert a magic influence over the Anglo-Saxon mind. The really dominating figures in the history of English politics can scarcely be said, however, to belong either to the extreme east or the extreme west. They are intermediate, a mixed

[1] It may be mentioned that I have dealt in detail with the distribution of English genius in my *Study of British Genius.*

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race, or else originating in such a district as East Anglia, where the eastern spirit has been specially permeated by modifying influences. Gladstone was of such mixed stocks, as was before him a yet greater Englishman, Oliver Cromwell, and the Pitts, ancestrally spread over various parts of the British Isles, were connected, one may surmise, with the most aboriginal elements of the English people, while the peculiarly typical figure of John Hampden was ancestrally rooted in the Buckinghamshire hills and forests, which have never been thoroughly Anglo-Saxonized. Religion also, like politics, is universal in its appeal, and all parts of the British Islands have produced men of religion, who have displayed one or other of the special characteristics—militant aggressiveness or practical benevolence or orderly ecclesiasticism—which belong to British religion.

In another kind of aptitude, which we might expect to find evenly distributed in a marine citadel, there has been a remarkable tendency to division of labor. Great soldiers belong to the west and great sailors to the east. It is significant that Wellington, the representative English general, came from Ireland, and Nelson, the representative British admiral, from Norfolk. Ireland, Wales and the Welsh Marshes, the Scotch Highlands, Cornwall, with the whole southwestern peninsula (though this last region has been also a region of great sailors), have given England the largest proportion of her soldiers and her generals, and all these regions are largely Celtic. The whole eastern and southern coasts have produced great sailors, especially those parts of it where the population is fairest, so that distinguished sailors have been, in a large proportion, blue-eyed. This is a differentiation which seems more marked during recent centuries than it was at the outset of English history, before national feeling had unified Great Britain. It is possible that the military aptitude which through Plantagenet and even Tudor times we seem to find widely diffused in England has become largely transmuted into legal and administrative aptitude. Distinguished lawyers have often come from the northern part of east England, and great administrators from the neighboring regions of East Anglia, to which both of the two chief builders of modern Egypt ancestrally belong, Lord Cromer and Lord Kitchener, though the latter was more immediately connected with Ireland.

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It is when we turn to the arts that we may read in most precise detail the racial characteristics of English genius. Thus, in dramatic aptitude, we find in the British Islands, as in Europe generally, that the fair, blue-eyed population very rarely achieve success. Ireland, Wales, and the English southwestern peninsula, have furnished England with actors and actresses; perhaps not one of high eminence has been derived elsewhere. Blue eyes, except in combination with dark hair (which is a Celtic characteristic), one scarcely sees among them. The slow reserved phlegmatic temperament of the Anglo-Saxon is rebellious to dramatic expression. The Celtic qualities, on the other hand, of vivacity, mental alertness, receptivity, and obvious charm, naturally lend themselves to the players' art. They are also qualities that we commonly consider feminine, and it may not be an accident that when we put aside the stage, on which the actress may even outshine the actor, feminine ability, in a numerical estimation of British genius, occupies a relatively larger place in Ireland than in any other region of the British Islands.

The racial opposition of east and west in the British Islands is admirably revealed in English painting. It may indeed be said that nothing shows so infallibly as English painting how profound, and how delicate, yet how unconscious, are the roots of heredity in the English character. The people of the west, as we know, are idealistic, visionary, imaginative; they possess the sense of magic; they worship their own dreams. The people of the east, as we also know, are born naturalists; they are enamored of reality; they find beauty not in their own visions, but by patiently watching the actual world; they worship Nature. Every English painter has been true to one or other of these deep impulses, however ignorant of it he may have been; it is not easy to find any exception. Reynolds belongs to the west as inevitably as Gainsborough belongs to the east. We could not imagine Richard Wilson in Norfolk or Crome in Wales. Burne-Jones is as emphatically Welsh, the man of the *Mabinogion*, as Constable expresses the whole soul of Suffolk. Throughout we see this radical opposition of temperament between the men of the dark west and of the fair east or north, the men who follow the vision within and the men who brood over the vision of Nature. There is, indeed, one great English painter, perhaps the supreme English painter,

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whom we cannot clearly place in the one class or in the other, for he seems to belong to both. In Turner we see the faithful realist forever ruthlessly on the track of Nature to catch every subtlest variation of her mood; we also see the extravagant idealist embodying the inner vision of a loveliness never before made visible on the earth; we see them both, moreover, at the same moment. If we investigate Turner's ancestry, we find, as we might expect, that, while on his father's side he belonged to the west, he seems on his mother's side, so far as any evidence exists, to belong to the east. Herein is manifested that vital conflict between contradictory elements which, in the white heat of their fusion, have produced the finest achievements of the English genius.

It is in literature that we may most reasonably expect to read the spirit of a people, and to discern clearly every shade of its racial admixture. In this field the evidence is inexhaustible; the most delicate variations in racial quality, and the strongest contrasts are instinctively expressed by the man who possesses the art to write out of his own nature. The very medium which English writers have been compelled to use, the English language, is a reflexion of the compounded, varied, and tempered nature of the British people, and has thus powerfully aided English literary expression. At the outset, the west, with its more ancient and refined culture, takes precedence of the east. The Welsh *Mabinogion* and the Irish hero tales, with their beautifully embroidered imaginative extravagance, remain today far more attractive than the baldly crude narratives of *Beowulf* or *Havelok*, however sincere their simple and intense humanity. For an adequately artistic embodiment, on the primitive heroic basis, of this eastern spirit, we must go to Normandy, to the *Chanson de Roland*, unless, indeed, the final embodiment of that song which Taillefer sang at Hastings took place—as some authorities have supposed—in England. The east, or we may rather say the north, became splendidly fused with the west in the earliest of great English prose books, Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. Here we see the Anglo-Saxon mind working on the Celto-Welsh stories, so that their variegated tapestry, by force of the emotional human intensity and ethical fervor thus infused, throbs with a poignant inner life. The whole course of English literature is thus typified at the outset in these two tendencies, and in the possibility

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of their union in a higher manifestation of radiant beauty and thrilling force.

Such blending on the grand scale is necessarily rare. The contrasting opposites are more easily met. Crabbe in Suffolk represents the concentrated and unmixed Anglo-Saxon spirit as certainly as Coleridge and Keats reveal the English southwestern peninsula still touched by ancient Celtic glamour. Sir Thomas Browne belonged, like Crabbe, to East Anglia, but in him we hear insistently the magic note of the west, the same note that we hear in Traherne, for Browne was attached by ancestry to the half Welsh county of Cheshire. Everywhere we see that what is in the blood will come out in the spirit and that the subtlest variations of a man's outlook on the world were determined long centuries before he was born.

It would be surprising if Shakespeare, the supreme glory of English literature, were an exception to the rule that English art is the exact reflection of the complex racial elements that make up the English people and the English spirit. In Shakespeare the west and the east, the Celt and the Anglo-Saxon, were fused together with unique and scarcely analysable felicity. Warwickshire is not only, as has often been pointed out, the heart of England, it also represents anthropologicaly an infolding of the darker people of the west among the fairer Angles, and in thus an admirable center for a slow and complete process of racial mixture. In surveying Shakespeare's work we may indeed be inclined to think that its Celtic qualities outweigh the Anglo-Saxon. All this vivacity and quick wit, this vivid perception of the sensory aspects of the world, this gay extravagance, this art of weaving a brilliant and variegated tapestry of words, all this is Celtic. Here we are in the world of Cuchullian and the *Mabinogion*. Yet even when Shakespeare is most Celtic he is still also Anglo-Saxon. From this point of view Mercutio and Falstaff are technically interesting, for here we see the Celtic spirit with delightful effect playing through solid fleshy energetic Anglo-Saxon figures. But such figures are merely the by-play of Shakespeare's composite genius. The Anglo-Saxon in him is really fundamental; he is Norse, even Norman, in his oligarchic sympathies, in his fundamental instinct for personal independence and personal responsibility, in the profound melancholy from which his gaiety exhales. In his most visionary outlook he is still on

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the solid ground of human emotion at its most poignant degree of concentrated intensity. It is from the sharp conflict, the explosive union, of these two elements of the west and of the east, that the flaming splendor of *Lear* proceeds. We may even say that the Anglo-Saxon spirit is the primary element in Shakespeare's character, for we seem to find it almost unmixed in the youthful *Venus and Adonis,* even in the Sonnets, while the Celtic spirit was never more prominent than at the end of his life in *The Tempest.* It is by the vital opposition of these two conflicting elements in the English nation, by the magnificent effect which their fusion may yield, that Shakespeare is in the end so absolutely and completely English. No Englishman of real life ever fully embodied the characteristics of Shakespeare; yet Shakespeare is all England.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

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A MEMORY OF MEXICO

BY BURGES JOHNSON

The elusive scent of boxwood can transport me in spirit over some hundreds of miles of distance and thirty years of time; the heart-lifting thump of a bass drum is a magician's incantation, for it has power to turn me into a tousled boy with dragging shoestrings to prove his unpreparedness, trotting beside a circus band. But greater in magic power than either of these is a dry cold twilight morning before day has fully broken, silent and clear aired. The stillness of it, or the clear coolness, or the fresh verdury smell, seize upon my heart and soul and whirl them away. Then upon my bodily eyes crowd these jostling houses with iron bound streets pushing between, and back fly heart and soul to the body that claims them. So swift has been the journey that I can scarcely be sure they went and came again. Yet sometimes the magic of a twilight morning has such power that my spirit goes forth deliberately, fully equipped, and wanders at will in a certain far-off land of memory, seeking out treasured scenes and situations and finding them real and true. As a dream fades with full waking, so fades the recollection of these Aladdin's journeys. Yet there are glimpses of that vague and distant land which I would snatch and hold.

Nearly always I may see it most clearly in the dusk before sunrise. The billowing plain is covered with a carpet of dull brown, figured with dots of duller green—and at the edge of the world in every direction are ragged purple mountains, strangely shaped and broken. Ah, the color of it all as the sun stirs, and the clearness,—every cactus finger that points from the earth on a neighboring billow crest is a sharp penciling upon the background of distant purple mountain sides. The vast silences are broken only by sounds that seem to accentuate silence,—a rattling pebble, a crack-

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ling of dry stalks, a faint hoot that might be the far off shout of a man or the snort of a steer, and at wide intervals a long drawn-out quavering cry answered by another, so faint as to seem but an echo inside the brain. Within this picture that I seize and hold there is one moving figure—a boy on horseback. He is in canvas "chapps" and gray sombrero, and guides his bony, mottled little steed uncertainly. First they surmount a billow of land ahead, only to turn perplexedly and gallop over some rise to the left or right. When the rein falls idle on her neck the spotted bronco halts; she is purposeless and carefree. But her rider is a half-frightened boy—lost in a world of infinite silences and limitless extent.

Just as the lad's anxiety is growing into actual fear, over the top of the crest immediately before him rises a high-crowned straw sombrero, and under it a dusky face with teeth that flash the signal of a glad smile—then the whole figure of rider and horse appear and the enveloping silence is broken by a shrill, musical cry,—"*Aqui! El grin—gito!*"

Side by side vaquero and boy trot their ponies, up and down the little hills in a direction that seems to the lad all wrong; now and then other riders with grinning friendly faces under their wide hat-brims pop up against the sky—and jocular unintelligible phrases are called out to the lad, whose carelessness on his first morning in the round-up camp has won them an hour's relief from the day's routine.

Certain well-defined figures dwell in that land of memory. The rest is a wonderful jumble of colors, sounds and smells. Most clearly outstanding is big Alec Cloete—black-bearded South African with a Boer name, but English colonial from hat to boot spurs. Why attempt to disguise him? He died in South Africa as heroically and tragically as a man may,—saving a weaker life than his own. This is the humble tribute of a small boy who rode by his side and ate and slept with him through many revealing days behind the cattle. Big, boisterous, kindly, tender, impetuous, and utterly unfearing, he belonged in the open; of such stuff has Britain built new colonies, and with such hands has she extended them.

Out of the circle of faces about him grins the ebony countenance of Jim the cook. Master of the buckboard commissariat, he built stew and biscuit of such raw material as he found at hand, sweetened thick coffee with raw black

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cane sugar when the neighborhood yielded it, or sweetened it not at all; buttered biscuit with bits of unpedigreed fat or again with a tin of pate de foi gras—or buttered them not at all. Even of temper, yet marvellously profane with the worst of two languages at his command, he navigated his mules over a tempestuous sea, steering volubly down the side of some sudden wave with a force that hurled his rattling ship to the crest of the wave a head, until a saddle-sore boy who had sought ease beside him would flee, loosened in every joint, to the saddle again, while merry vaqueros hailed his return with jibes.

Memory gives a conglomerate picture of those companion riders, José and Pedro, Jesus, Santiago, Miguel,—twenty or more,—children in work or play, and work and play were all one to them. The breaking out from the herd of a frightened bunch of steers meant a yell and a race, large dramatics over small events,—laughter and songs.

The singing comes back most vividly of all. In the evenings with the cattle halted and the little herd of horses fed, and then absurdly, yet sufficiently, fenced by a single strand of encircling rope, choruses would start here and there. There is no singing like it in settled places. The silence of an empty world round about demands repressed voices. Now and then a high tenor leads the rest into a shrill crescendo; and so the music rises and falls, passionate or tender, while the firelight reveals this dusky face and that—here an Indian type, there a Spanish, some flat and emotionless, some handsome as Senor Don Adonis himself, and all throwing into the simple words they sing the wordless passion of this new mixed race.

Then, later on, the voices of the night—the memory of them now is elusive, until some still, cool, brilliantly starlit hour of today sends them flooding back. There was the fitful lowing of cattle and the rattle of horns, ceasing altogether for long periods, and then starting up again, as though a psychic disturbance spread out in ever widening circles of plangent sound from some central point to the edges of the herd. Often, in the intervening periods of stillness, one might hear the wailing, quavering bark of a coyote, echoed still more faintly by another, miles and miles away. Yet all these noises seemed but a form of silence, and made background for the plaintive singing of a single night guard riding slowly along the edges of the herd. Al-

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ways these night watchers were singing. The mysterious black shape of a horse and rider coming suddenly out of the dark would have frightened a nervous wakeful steer and started him and his companions crashing away in a dreaded night stampede. But the voices of men were commonplace by this time; and so the sentries sang to the cattle mournful high-keyed ballads, and a small boy lay awake and listened.

There are times when imagination, and even reason, struggle against memory, and then a little collection of boyish letters comes to the rescue. It is hard now to form a mental picture of sixteen hundred steers. Stand them in a row, head to tail, single file, and they might reach from here to Timbuctoo—as popular statistics would put it—or they might not. Present-day experiences are of no avail in outlining the picture. But a yellow old letter in a cramped schoolboy hand tells me that sixteen hundred head of cattle were cut out and counted from a vastly larger herd, and then driven northward for a hundred miles or more and swum across the river that divides that land from this.

I have a wondering recollection of the counting of the cattle. Big Alec stood idly, it seemed, now and then speaking some word of direction, while a group of mounted vaqueros made a gate-way of their own number and spread the herd out in a long stream that swept past the chief at a trot, now in tens, now in thirties and forties, ploughing into each other, snorting, jumping, retarded occasionally while two belligerent fellows locked horns, and then dashing on past at greater speed. All this time their owner was counting, yet the only indications of his close attention were his busy hands. In one he held a number of pebbles, and as he reached a certain unit a pebble would shift from one hand to the other; and I remember that he did not err as to the total by so much as a single head.

Perhaps one reason why the early mornings live most vividly in mind is that so much of interest happened then, just at the dawn. There was the breakfast, and the breaking of camp, the choosing and roping of the day's mount, and the always thrilling moment when the herd was set in motion again. Strange creatures, those steers, with more of ratiocination than it had seemed to me a cow might possess. They had lived on a piece of territory as large as one of our smallest American States, and had roamed unmolested for more than a year. Their section of open country was abso-

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lutely undistinguishable in character and appearance from adjacent sections, yet the moment they crossed the line where their northern fence had been they were nervous, ready to listen to false rumors, disturbed by the signal of a snake's rattle, or even by the breaking of a stick, stampeding anywhere if not controlled. Yet, now and then, when little groups got wholly away, and men who could not be spared were called back from the pursuit, the lost cattle would finally swing about, and take up the trail of their fellows; perhaps twenty-four hours later they would come drifting in, weary and repentant.

There was a certain personality in those steers, but it is as nothing compared to the personality of the bony little horses, whose duty it was to guard them. The picture is very clear of a small boy, promoted to an actual place in the riding line, suddenly awake to the fact that half a dozen head of cattle had broken from the herd for some mysterious cause, and were dashing sharply to the left, into the brush. With a joyous yell, imitating the example set by his professional comrades, the lad turned sharply after them, but found to his amazement that his spotted steed refused to accept guidance. Instead of following the truants she turned almost at right angles to their trail, and utterly regardless of the rein on her neck or even of the bit in her teeth, darted on this tangent, apparently without goal or purpose. After perhaps five minutes, still without consideration of her youthful rider's wishes, she brought around in a half circle, right into the path of the wanderers, headed them off, turned them, and trotted placidly behind them until they rejoined the herd.

One legend of the plains firmly fixed in a small boy's mind died at that time a sudden death. The bucking broncho and the mount whose temper made him unreliable were not in evidence. The rider who leapt upon a dancing steed and overpowered him in spite of rearings and chargings had no place in the busy routine of a round-up and drive. The horse that might risk the life of a man or the loss of cattle was shot. This does not mean that the survivors were gentle, plodding beasts, of a placid disposition. They were live, swift and alert, knowing the day's work as well as their masters, and sometimes, it seemed, almost capable of doing it alone.

Prejudice, too, rebels at some of the least important epi-

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sodes of a day's drive. It is hard to believe now that one could ever greet with a yell of delight the sight of a water hole that had been crossed by a thousand cattle, where the liquid that had once been clear water was churned into a soup of mire, and that men and boy would kneel without a thought of objection, and drink this material until thirst was quenched.

Imagination contends with the memory of the rattlesnakes. The occasional scorpion and tarantula somehow seem more reasonable. But it is hard now to believe that even a happy-go-lucky lad could spend a night on a bit of ground that had been searched for snakes before camp was made, and that had perhaps yielded up two or three fat serpents; yet the lad himself brought home an enormous skin that he had stripped from such a trophy and stuffed with corn-meal purloined from Jim's buckboard. Mice ate the meal, and showed scant respect for the skin that held it, but it lasted long enough to be a steady trial to the mistress of a civilized and tidy home.

There was a belief among the vaqueros that a rattler in his death fight would turn and bite his own flesh, and if this happened the whole snake's body was poisoned. In the killing they guarded against this with the greatest care, pinning the head down, if possible, and in the cow-boy camp there was no greater delicacy than the tender snake meat, roasted over the camp fire. Memory boldly asserts that the flavor was a pleasant mean between the white meat of a chicken and some firm-fleshed type of fish!

Amid the kaleidoscopic colors of many brilliant days and nights I picture that small boy moving in a company of workers more like children than himself. For the faint rumble as of thunder, and the tremble of the earth beneath his head that more than once roused him in the night, brought fear with it as well as excitement. In him was a nascent Anglo-Saxon sense of responsibility. Each stampede meant possible loss of cattle and valuable hours wasted. But his companions played a joyous game with excitement as its only stake; even the pay at the end of the journey meant simply more excitement. They were as irresponsible as children, and to him they seemed as lovable. Readily at any challenge they swung into a race, swinging sombreros, yelling merrily; often some angry steer that had strayed and refused to be driven back became *el toro,* with a circle of hilarious amateur

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picadors and *toreadors* leaping about him, until such time as Big Alec thought it best to discover their truancy.

Pedro may now be "*el capitan*" somewhere in that sorrowful land, with silver beads on his sombrero, riding just as fearlessly and as merrily and as irresponsibly in a factional raid, at the beck of a mongrel leader. Miguel may be opposing his old comrade, if luck so has it, with silver filagree on his skin-tight trousers and a Mauser at his shoulder, caring not a picayune for his own life or any other.

What an emotional, affectionate, cruel, childlike, crazy people; ever ready to be led, with the worst products of their breed for leaders! What a histrionic, praise-loving people! Putting more than the cost of a house and furniture into adornment for a hat, they strut, they fight, they gamble, they serenade their loves with an orchestra of assistants. I cherish the memory of a later time in that romantic land when a gaudily dressed Cyrano went beneath his lady's window with a string-band to prove his devotion. And because Providence had deprived him of a singing voice, a camerado beside him sang passionate words while he at fitting moments made mute appealing gestures in the moonlight. But that is a picture of the towns, where a somewhat different people dwell; it has not rightful place among these eluding memories of a small boy riding through the hills beside the cattle.

With all his pride of employment it was little else than play to the lad who was a child in years rather than in race. He galloped after dodging jack-rabbits, or took futile pot shots at some wise old thief of a coyote which trailed the buckboard, just out of rifle range. He waked one night with a yell of alarm because a wild beast roared in his very ear, and found a little donkey standing over him, hee-hawing expressions of curiosity while his long ears wagged against the moon. That was a joke on *el gringito* to feed the very souls of Pedro, Santiago, Jesus, and Miguel for days to come.

As they rode forward the background of the picture changed somewhat from hour to hour. The dull, brown, dry earth, spotted with the green of many-shaped cacti, would give place to brighter green groves of low prickly mesquite trees, and those groves would in their turn give place to bits of cultivated land here and there, with simple

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systems of irrigation marking the slopes like a checkerboard. In such a neighborhood the chief would negotiate with some pompous hidalgo in his mud house for replenishment of the buckboard, and his payment would include such sugar-cane as the merry vaqueros might steal in passing. This was much as an indulgent father might do if he paid a farmer in advance, *en bloc,* for the apples and cucumbers his children were sure to purloin through the coming summer. The sugar-cane was sweeter to these grown-up children if they did not know that it had been purchased in advance.

Simple-hearted, I called them; and it comes to mind that years later, in a more southern part of that land of memory, we rode down a mountain side and met a snake-like caravan of little donkeys, each loaded with crates of brilliant yellow oranges. They were bound for the market place of a distant city, so their various drivers told us as we passed them. We stopped them, one after another, and negotiated for a crate. "But no," each owner would say, obstinately, "these are for sale in the market."

"What will you get for them there?"

"Ah, who knows? Perhaps one *peso* for such a crate as this."

"Here is your *peso.* Give us the oranges."

"*Nada*" ("nothing doing"), with a negative shake of the forefinger, "Why should I drive an idle burro from here to the market place? You may buy more down the mountain where these came from."

"Then a *peso* and two *reals* for your trouble."

"*Nada, nada,* what should I be doing with an empty-backed burro, coming into the market place?"

Such were the people in that land of memory. And so Santiago, Pedro, Miguel and the rest raced and gambolled, shouted and sang in their ride northward; and steadily northward rode Big Alec, and Jim with his buckboard, and the sixteen hundred head of cattle, with scarcely a single pair missing from that tossing, flashing forest of curling horns; until one day at dawn they looked down on the winding path of the river that marked the boundary line between two nations. Of all the vivid early morning pictures, there was painted on that day the most vivid of all. A few steers that had proved themselves foremost in stampeding or mischievous truancy were forced into the lead. The whole army of cattle was then driven down the gentle slope; crowding,

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pushing, climbing forward onto the very backs of slower beasts ahead, they rushed with increasing momentum toward the river bank. At the brink they hesitated, but behind them came the others, crowding forward. At the effective moment splash had gone Big Alec and his horse into the stream. After went the leaders of the herd, following the horse that led them. It must have been no easy matter for horse and rider to stay in mid-river, keep out of the path of those frightened cattle, and at the same time turn stragglers, heading weakly down stream with the current, so that all would keep in an orderly line to the easy bit of low shore on the other side. With their usual joyous dramatics, José and Miguel and all the rest leapt into the current from the bank here and there with the last of the herd. It was a wonderful sight as the trailers plunged in—a river filled with tossing ivory horns, under them blood-shot eyes, and mouths snorting and blowing in excitement; and on the other shore an emerging herd, neatly turned against itself and "milled" to prevent a stampede. When the small boy stood on that far bank and found the same brown carpet of earth spotted here and there with the dull green of many-shaped cacti, even in his immature mind large thoughts formed themselves as he looked back at that other land. It looked so like, yet it was peopled with irresponsible, merry, cruel, adventurous children such as the group about him, still ploughing their farms with a pointed stick, still building their houses of sun-baked mud, still living in a civilization of long ago, with only the narrow width of the stream separating them from the present century.

It lies very near, after all, that land of memory, yet is it the land it was so short a time ago? After the reign of terror, when mongrel leaders are dead,—dying, in all likelihood, at each others' hands, and so saving the state responsibility,—when that mixture of blood shall have bred better stuff for leadership, will the merry child-like spirit, the harmless dramatics, and the spirited adventurousness all be gone? Will it be possible to listen again to those plaintive and tender melodies underneath the stars?

BURGES JOHNSON.

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"WHO WANTS ART NOWADAYS?"

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

"Some industries in France have gone on, war or no war. Cognac still distills its brandies, Bordeaux still presses its wines, Lyons still weaves its silks, Grenoble still sews its gloves. But the Quarter produced only art, and who wants art nowadays?"

So asks a recent writer, describing the sad estate of the Latin Quarter in Paris. But even in this country and with reference to much wider fields of art—with reference, indeed, to all that is meant by the arts in the broadest sense—we have heard or read the same question, in some sort of paraphrase, scores of times since the war began. How can an American millionaire spend hundreds of thousands of dollars for old tapestries or porcelains when so much of Europe must be fed by the doles of charity, so much of it not fed even by these? How can an archæological society expect subscriptions while scores of relief societies beg clothes for the destitute, beds for the wounded, saws for surgeons who have worn out theirs on mangled legs and arms? What is the shattering of a lovely old village spire compared with the ruin of the hundred little homes that stood beneath it? Though Rheims held the finest Gothic church exterior in the world and Ypres the finest Gothic secular building, is it not hard-hearted to mourn for them when so vast a wasting of young lives demands all the tears of the soul? How can the study of Greek and Latin find advocates any longer, for is not our one great need the "vocational training" that results in "practical efficiency"? And, again, "I can hardly bear it," says a friend of mine who holds a high post in one of our art museums, "I can hardly bear not be doing some of the world's real work—fighting or caring for the fighters or for the homeless folk behind them."

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The mental attitude expressed by words like these seems to me, with one exception, the worst result in our country of the war in Europe. The very worst is the growth of the capacity for hatred unashamed. Of course, by hatred I do not mean energy and wrath in condemnation of the wrong and of the doers of the wrong. I mean the spirit of those—many are met with in person or in print—whose unreasoning passion has so ruined their respect for truth, warped their understanding, and hardened their heart, that, instead of striving for charity, justice, or ordinary common sense, they pride themselves upon what Lincoln forbade as "malice"—the venom of a nourished hate; who bestow this hate not only upon the nations they condemn in Europe but also upon all in their own country of whose conduct of public affairs they do not approve. When we think how their example must affect the young minds around them we are forced to rank their offenses among the atrocities they like to believe in. Without the excuse that the war-tortured have for sins of thought and temper, they are doing their utmost to kill out of the world the great art of right, and sane and gracious living.

Used in this connection the word "art" is not a mere figure of speech, for consistent beauty of conduct is a gift to the world of those who mould their lives to fine issues according to visions and intentions of their own. The virtue of all things "whether body or soul," says Plato, is best achieved "not by chance but as the result of the order and truth and art which are imparted to them." And because a sensitiveness to the influences of material beauty may help to develop what is beautiful in conduct, one of the most evil results of the war is, as I have said, the shaking of our faith in idealism and therefore in the beneficent utility of the arts.

But, fortunately, if it is a shaken it is not a vanished faith. There are some who feel that it is the hard and narrow cult of practical efficiency that has put the world where it is today, that the greatest of all our duties is to prepare a better tomorrow by laboring for the ideals just now so deeply submerged, and that one important phase of this duty is to foster all efforts to enlarge the general heritage of beauty. To such as they, even the sinking of the *Lusitania* may well have seemed a lesser calamity than the burning of the books of Louvain, the shattering of the glass and the statues of Rheims. If things like these, they might

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ask, are of small importance compared with human lives and political issues, why did our school books bid us lament those many works of art, carried away from Greece by its conquerors some twenty centuries ago, that were shipwrecked on their way to Rome, and say nothing of the Romans who perished with them? Why do we know and care so little what else happened or how many men were slain when the library at Alexandria burned? And why is nothing generally remembered of a certain war between the Venetians and the Turks except the shells that exploded in the Parthenon?

In times of peace and sanity all the world realizes that more valuable than men themselves are the things that they leave behind them, as the essence of their souls, to teach and to inspire mankind. And the most lasting of such legacies are works of art. It is a hackneyed quotation—

> All passes: Art alone
> Enduring stays with us;
> The bust outlasts the throne,
> The coin, Tiberius.

But it does not tell the whole of the truth. Art does more than stay with us. It stays alive. It stays vital and vocal. The customs, religions, philosophies, sciences, systems of law of other ages, may still be helping in various transmitted, transmuted ways to mould our times and ourselves. As they act thus indirectly, most of us do not need to know much about what they were in the beginning. But the art of the past survives, as it was in the beginning, to exert directly upon each individual its own undying influence. And therefore we need to know about it and to preserve its legacies with alert and pious care.

The French have not forgotten this even in the midst of the whirlwinds of war. In France, says a recent observer, "a thousand men dying under the barbarism of asphyxiating gases are nothing to burning Rheims and Soissons; for what is being destroyed there is France itself." "He who kills beauty of this sort," writes Romain Rolland, "—beauty which is the light of the spirit, more necessary to the soul than the light of the sun,—assassinates more than a man; he assassinates the purest form of the soul of the race."

But, say so many voices that they have become a chorus, the war will repay the world for its own destructiveness.

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Ruinous though it may be to many of the legacies of other ages, surely it is redeeming, fertilizing, inspiring the soul of the nations, and so will awaken all fair and noble energies to new and fruitful life.

To support such prophecies some of the prophets confidently quote Ruskin, where (in *The Crown of Wild Olive*) he says, with much repetition and emphasis: "All the pure and noble arts of peace are founded on war." . . . "No great art ever yet rose on earth but among a nation of soldiers." And, again: "There is no great art possible to a nation but what is based on battle." Those who thus cite him, however, seem to forget that Ruskin did not think all kinds of war beneficent, and that he expressly excluded war waged with "a multitude of small human pawns" provided with "destructive machinery"; "modern war, scientific war, chemical and mechanical war"—war which he pictured with a grim elaboration that could not possibly have been bettered had he written in 1916.

Nevertheless, it is worth while to add that when, thinking to prove his assertion that only war can make great art possible, Ruskin calls ancient Egypt to the witness seat, he really cites contradictory evidence of the most emphatic kind. And it is worth while taking some trouble to understand how far were the Egyptians and their art from Ruskin's idea of them; for if we understand that the very first and one of the very greatest developments of art, one of the few that include a great and characteristic form of architecture, was produced by a peculiarly peaceable and peaceful, an essentially unwarlike nation, we need not follow the inquiry down through the complications of later centuries. We have proof enough that war is not necessary as the seed-bed of art.

Of course this does not prove that great art may not be one of the products of the qualities which many believe the war of today has engendered in the peoples of Europe. But is it sensible to think that all this patriotism and high resolve, all this courage, self-sacrifice, endurance, and devotion to the common good, has really been the instant fruit of the war rather than the accumulated fruit of antecedent years of peace? Do we not know, for example, by what long-continued and sedulous efforts Germany developed its own peculiar brand of patriotism? The souls of men do not suddenly change; only, what has lain hidden in their depths may suddenly be shown.

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There is still another point of view: the belief that, not from the stimulating effects of war itself, but from the chastening effects of the sorrow and suffering it works, will spring the harvest of good. So, for example, M. Rodin has said:

> After the war a breath of idealism will pass over us, forcing us to raise our eyes above the earth, and with our eyes our souls. . . . In the clouds which overwhelm us I see with hope the aurora of the new day in which the spirit will dominate and art will be born again. Our young heroes, our old cathedrals, fall in order that there may flourish again a youth pure, ardent, healthy, weary of materialism, eager for spirituality; that a renewed and sublime art may spring up again from our soil washed and fertilized by blood.

Are we to believe this—to believe it with any confidence even of heroic France? Here is a half-prediction of another kind. Madame Waddington, writing recently of a visit she paid with her grandsons to her *château* in a devastated part of France, describes how the boys, seeing the body of a German soldier in a field, were "not in the least moved—rather, surprised," when told that it was a sad sight, a sad thing for the man's own children far away. "'Why,' they answered, 'It is only a *boche*'—as if it were a rat." And Madame Waddington adds, "I suppose all the ugly sights they have seen, bridges and houses blown up, and the quantities of miserable half-starved, half-clothed children, have hardened their childish hearts. I wonder if all this will have an effect upon the mentality of the young generation. Will they grow up hard and cruel?"

Then, too, we are told of an increase in juvenile crime in the countries where many fathers are at the front, many mothers at work in men's places. And the fathers and the elder sons—what will these years do for them, years in which, if heroically willing to die, they are also eagerly ready to kill? And will the passionate surge of patriotic emotion in the peoples at large persist as a permanently bettered social conscience, or exhaust itself by its very intensity? Certainly not in all individuals and probably not in all countries will the result be the same. But we may remember how naturally reaction follows upon long emotional exaltation. We may warn ourselves not to be unduly hopeful with regard to the general result by recalling—to take one instance from many in the past—what we in this country were: what we did and did not do: in the years that

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immediately followed the War of the Rebellion—a war that assuredly was fought with a high purpose and in a not unworthy spirit. And as we often sadly fancy what might have been done for us by the thousands of our best who were slain, so too must we think of the multiplied thousands whom Europe will have destroyed.

Whatever eventual good may come from the war of today, be it even such a remodeling of the whole social structure as we used to hope might slowly be brought about by peaceful methods, it is certainly a true word that Romain Rolland has spoken of the immediate future: "Whoever may be the victor, it is Europe that will be the vanquished." And until the world, after no one knows how many years of what desperate difficulties, recovers from the awful defeat of European civilization, it will need all the solace it can get, and all the inspiration. It must get them from other founts as well as from a sensitiveness to beauty; but we do not yet rate highly enough the part that this can play, or fully understand how it does its work.

If we did, so many would not try to comfort us for the beauty that is being swept away by predictions of beauty soon to be created. They would understand that, as a part of France perishes with each of its perishing works of art, so a part of every land survives in each of its existing legacies, and that every phase and form of art has a special value of its own—a message which, although it may not be the same for us as it was for those who first heard it, is nevertheless clear to us and different from all others. This is what made so trebly precious Rheims and Soissons and Arras and Ypres, the tall lace-like tower of Mechlin, and the many lesser historic and irreplaceable buildings ruined in France and in Flanders. No destruction of this kind can be made good. More enduringly vital in its products than any other form of man's activity, in its moods and methods art is constantly dying. The patterns of beauty, of æsthetic significance, are broken and lost as the creative periods go by. Never again can a ceiling be painted just as Tiepolo painted the one that Austrian air-ships have shattered in Venice. Is it any wonder that we grow cold when we think of St. Mark's near by, or, of all that stands between Durham Cathedral and the incomparable great mother of Christian churches at Constantinople? And is there not good reason why my friend of the American art museum

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should see that, especially just now, especially when the world is sunken in huge miseries and in the passions that brought them about, it is well worth a man's while to care for the treasures that are in our own keeping, and to widen and deepen appreciation of them?

For solace and for inspiration we need them—that is, for the pure and impersonal kind of pleasure they can give, and for the influence they can have upon the spirit and thus upon conduct.

> He who fights and runs away
> Will live to fight another day

may not be a fine motto for a soldier, but it is an excellent one, an imperative one, for the mentally and spiritually perplexed and distressed. He has lived wisely in past years who, in these present days of superexcited thought and superheated feeling, finds prepared for him by the hand of habit some fertile field of mental exercise and emotional refreshment where, escaping from himself and his neighbors and the problems of the hour, he can find renewal of serenity and sanity. And although solace and inspiration are different things, they are the sedative and the tonic effects, the passive and the active outcome, of the same kind of receptivity.

Are these truisms? To some extent, as regards art in the forms of literature and music. We understand why in the midst of their titanic struggle the Germans throng their concert rooms, and we are scarcely surprised by the assurance of publishers, here and in England, that the demand for imaginative literature, for poetry, has increased since the war began. But we have a less living faith in the refreshing and fortifying power of the plastic arts. Some time ago the *Spectator*, which unquestionably would advocate the reading of poetry in war-time, said that it was a "scandal" to use men and money in keeping open the public museums and galleries, as very few people could care "to waste time in looking at mummy-cases and pictures while their country is engaged in a life-and-death struggle." And our own blood is so largely English that, although I do not think we should do the same in similar circumstances, nevertheless we can understand why the British Government has now closed all the places in question, leaving open the reading-room of the British Museum.

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Yet it is not only because of a stronger racial leaning toward literature that we fail to realize the high utility of the plastic arts. It is largely because of the modern tendency, everywhere prevalent, to forget, ignore, or deny their distinctively ethical value. But if as a rule the modern artist and art critic insist only upon the sensuous side of art, or admit at most that it may appeal to the intellect as well as to the eye, all the voices of all the great elder ages insist upon its ethical importance. Of course this does not imply any thought of didactic influence, of dogmatizing, moralizing effort. What is meant is simply that while every work of art should appeal first of all to the eye, giving sensuous pleasure of some kind and degree, through the eye it should also appeal in some stimulating, heightening way to the deeper emotions. What is meant is that whether the artist uses the elements of plastic art—line and mass and color—to express his sense of their own intrinsic abstract qualities of charm, or, more complexly, his feeling about some natural object or scene, the way in which he uses them, the kind of delight he gives, should tend to develop our sense of beauty, to improve our taste (I use the word in its broadest and deepest meaning), and thus to humanize, refine, and elevate the spirit. This was the belief of the Greek of the great artistic period. His ideal of perfection in a work of art, as in a living man, was a combination—or, rather, an integral fusion—of the physically and the spiritually excellent. Nothing, in his view, could be entirely beautiful that did not in some way tend to edification. An effort to be didactic in a work of art would have seemed to him absurd, but just as absurd a willingness to ignore the eye of the soul. Plato often exaggerates the ethical content of current Hellenic beliefs, but all Greek literature speaks with him when he says that the artist must be so gifted that "beauty, the effluence of fair works, shall flow into the eye and ear like a health-giving breeze from a purer region, and insensibly draw the soul from earliest years into likeness and sympathy with the beauty of reason"—"reason" meaning to the Greeks that moderation, measure, temperance, sanity of thought, which above all else conduces to beauty of conduct.

Even the Greeks did not always live up to these theories, but in all the important work of their great years they did; and down to the time of the Renaissance, and even in its own early periods, every other people likewise understood,

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or instinctively felt, the value of the ethical element in art. This their legacies make so plain that it seems impertinent to think it needs further explanation. And in at least one case where the work itself has perished the witness of ancient words remains. The adjective constantly applied in the Book of Exodus to the builders of the Tabernacle and the Ark of the Covenant is "wise-hearted"; and the chief among them, so Moses tells the children of Israel, was filled with "the spirit of God in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge"; and, again, "with wisdom of heart to work all manner of work . . . of the cunning workman"; and he was called to his task by the Lord who "*put it in his heart that he may teach.*"

Not in every one, it need scarcely to be said, can the æsthetic sense be highly developed. On the other hand, there can hardly be anyone who does not in some way and degree respond instinctively to beauty, at the very least to the beauty of a rose or a rainbow or a woman's face. Surely, therefore, there may be developed, not again in everyone but in many more than have yet had a chance to acquire it, some modicum of that possession called taste which, nourished upon the contemplation of beauty, may bear profitable fruits ranging from pleasure of the eye to purity of soul.

If we once set ourselves to imagining what a more general diffusion of good taste could do for us, we should see the cultivation of a love of beauty as the concern, not merely of the schoolmaster and the art critic, but also of the philosopher, the philanthropist, and the statesman. If we really loved beauty, if ugliness really offended the taste of so many people that their ideas and wishes formed a dominant body of public opinion, we should not merely build beautiful temporary cities to house a World's Fair, or merely adorn our permanent cities with statues and parks and fine public buildings, or occasionally organize an elaborate pageant to "bring beauty to the masses," or feel satisfied with founding and filling museums of art. We should so reshape all the externals of our communal life that the soul of the people could nowhere escape from the ministrations of beauty.

Thus we come to the main point that I have wanted to emphasize. What we should keep in mind when we consider how the influence of beauty, of idealism, may best be brought to bear upon the spirit of the people at large is this: *only*

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through the plastic arts can it make a persistent and a universal appeal. Literature speaks more definite detailed messages to the mind, and music, with the majority of people, more deeply stirs the emotions. But with both of these the appeal is transitory, and this means that they cannot speak except when they are so bidden. Only when one asks to hear them have they a voice for him. But the products of the plastic arts, doing their work continuously, persistently, appeal to the indifferent as to the desirous eye, influencing, cultivating, refining even those who are unconscious of the process.

Certainly if we used them as we might—developing a conscious desire for beauty in as many individuals as possible and bringing its subtile influences to bear upon the community as a whole—we should raise the general level of conduct, and also the general level of desire, of aspiration, so that more and more it would beneficently react upon conduct. Certainly to make the charm and the value of idealism everywhere and always manifest to the senses of the community must be one good way of combating the pernicious influence of materialism. "Would there still be war," asked Mr. Galsworthy not long ago, "in a world the most of whose dwellers had a sense of beauty? I think not." Nor would there be so much of the hideousness of hatred, deforming the souls of men and women as surely as the physical blasts of war deform the bodies of thousands. Nor would there be many other evil things with which we now dwell content because we do not care enough either for pleasure of the eye or for purity of soul.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

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MANIFOLD NATURE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

In these times of Nature study and floods of Nature books, many persons are inclined to think of Nature as meaning birds and flowers and summer breezes and murmuring streams, and so on. But Nature is not summed up by her fairer forms and gentler influences alone, though these may be the expression of those forces and conditions that go hand in hand with the things that make for our development and well-being. Probably not till flowers bloomed and birds sang was the earth ripe for man. Not till the bow appeared on the retreating storm-cloud was anything like human life possible.

Of savage, elemental Nature—"Nature red in tooth and claw," or black in tempest and earthquake, or hideous in war and pestilence—our poets and Nature students make little, while devout souls seem to experience a cosmic chill when they think of these things.

The majority of persons, I fancy, when they think seriously of the problem, look upon Nature as a sort of connecting link between man and some higher power, neither wholly good nor wholly bad; divine in some aspects, diabolical in others; ministering to our bodies, but hampering and obstructing our souls. They see her a goddess one hour, and a fury the next; destroying life as freely as she gives it; arming one form to devour another; crushing or destroying the fairest as soon as the ugliest; limited in her scope and powers, and not complete in herself, but demanding the existence of something above and beyond herself.

Pious man has taken himself out of the category of natural things, both in his origin and in his destiny. Such a gulf separates him from all other creatures, and his mastery over them is so complete, that he looks upon himself as ex-

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ceptional, and as belonging to another order. Nature is only his stepmother, and treats him with the harshness and indifference that so often characterize that relation.

When Wordsworth declared himself a worshiper of Nature, was he thinking of Nature as a whole, or only of an abridged and expurgated nature—Nature in her milder and more beneficent aspects? Was it not the Westmoreland Nature of which he was a worshiper?—a sweet rural Nature, with grassy fells and murmuring streams and bird-haunted solitudes? What would have been his emotion in the desert, in the arctic snows, or in the pestilential forests and jungles of the tropics? Very likely, just what the emotion of most of us would be—a feeling that here are the savage and forbidding and hostile aspects of Nature against which we need to be on our guard. That creative eye and ear to which Wordsworth refers is what mainly distinguishes the attitude of the modern poet toward Nature from the ancient. Sympathy is always creative—" thanks to the human heart by which we live."

The Wordsworthian Nature was of the subjective order; he found it in his own heart, in his dreams by his own fireside, in moments of soul dilation on his Westmoreland hills, when the meanest flowers that blow could bring to him " thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The Nature that to Wordsworth never betrays us, and to Milton was " wise and frugal," is a humanized, man-made Nature. The Nature we know and wrest our living from, and try to drive sharp bargains with, is of quite a different order. It is no more constant than inconstant, no more wise and frugal than foolish and dissipated; it is not human at all, but unhuman.

When we infuse into it our own idealism, or recreate it in our own image, then we have the Nature of the poets, the Nature that consciously ministers to us and makes the world beautiful for our sake.

Emerson's first little book, called *Nature,* was about the earliest in this country to reflect the new attitude toward this subject. The book has no direct scientific import, but only a literary and religious import. The uses of Nature to the body and its uses to the mind and soul—one chapter to the former and five to the latter. When he says the aspect of Nature is devout, like the figure of Jesus when he stands with bended head and hands folded upon the breast, we see what

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a subjective and humanized Nature, a Nature of his own creation, he is considering. His book is not an interpretation of Nature, but an interpretation of the writer's own soul. It is not Nature which stands in an attitude of devotion with bowed head, but Emerson's own spirit in the presence of Nature, or of what he reads into Nature. Yet the Emerson soul is a part of Nature—a peculiar manifestation of its qualities and possibilities, developed through centuries of the interaction of man upon man, through culture, books, religion, meditation.

"The ruin or the blank that we see when we look at Nature," he says, "is in our own eye." Is it not equally true that the harmony and perfection that we see are in our own eye? In fact, are not all the qualities and attributes which we ascribe to Nature equally the creation of our own minds? The beauty, the sublimity, the power of Nature are experiences of the beholder. The drudge in the fields does not experience them, but the poet, the thinker, the seer, does. The ruin or the blank which we see in Nature becomes very real to us when we come to deal with Nature practically, when we seek her for specific ends, when we go to her to get our living. But when we go to her in the spirit of disinterested science, the desert, the volcano, the path of the cyclone, are full of the same old meanings, the play-ground of the same old elements and forces. Nature is what we make her.

Man is the only creature that turns upon Nature and judges her; he turns upon his own body and mind and judges them; he judges the work of his own hands; he is critical toward all things that surround him; he brings this faculty of judgment into the world.

Emerson refers to "the great Nature in which we rest as the earth lies in the soft arms of the atmosphere." The earth lies in the soft arms of the atmosphere in the same sense that it lies in the soft arms of its own grasses and flowers; the atmosphere is an appendage of the earth. If the earth literally lies in anything, it is in the soft arms of the all-pervasive ether. Emerson's statement is the inevitable poetizing of Nature in which we all indulge. We make soft arms for our thoughts to lie in, and peaceful paths for our feet to walk in, whatever the literal truth may be. This is the way of art, of poetry, of religion. The way of science and of practical life is a different way. The soft arms become hard with

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purpose, and rest and contemplation give place to intense activity. I would not have the poet change his way; Nature as reflected in his mind soothes and charms us; it takes on hues from that light which never was on sea or land. But we cannot dispense with the way of science, which makes paths and highways for us through the wilderness of impersonal laws, and forces that surge and roar around us. One gives us beauty and one gives us power; one brings a weapon to the hand, the other brings solace to the spirit.

When the poet Bryant identifies God with tempests and thunderbolts, with "whirlwinds that uproot the woods and drown the villages," or with the tidal wave that overwhelms the cities, "with the wrath of the mad, unchained elements," —"tremendous tokens of thy power,"—does he make God more lovable or desirable? Well may he say, "From these sterner aspects of thy face, spare me and mine." By way of contrast let me recall that when an earthquake shook California, John Muir cheered himself and friends by saying it was only Mother Earth trotting her children fondly upon her knee! If we identify God with all of Nature, this wrathful Hebrew Jehovah of Bryant is a legitimate conception. There are times when the aerial forces behave like a raving maniac bent upon the destruction of the world—the insensate powers run amuck upon all living things. This is not the God we habitually love and worship, but it is a God from whom there is no escape. As the result of the inevitable action of the natural irrational or unrational forces, tempests and earthquakes and tidal waves do not disturb us; but as the will and purpose of an Almighty being, Creator of heaven and earth, they give all pious souls a fearful shake-up. We take refuge in such phrases as "the inscrutable ways of God," or "the mysteries of Providence," a Providence whose ways are assuredly "past finding out."

Our State Commissioner of Education, Dr. Finley, in an agricultural address on "Potatoes and Boys," shows God co-operating with the farmer in a way that amused me. "The Almighty," the Commissioner said, "can make, unaided of man, potatoes, but only small potatoes, and of acrid taste. He had to make a primitive man and even teach him to use a hoe, before He, the Omnipotent One, could grow a patch of potatoes." The wild potato, he implied, like the wild grape, the wild apple, the wild melon, was the work of God before he had man to help him; now, with man's help, we have all the im-

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proved varieties of potatoes and fruits. We have heard a good deal about the co-operation of man with God, and as a concrete example this potato-growing partnership is very interesting. How far from our habitual attitude of mind is the thought that the Higher Powers concern themselves about our potatoes or our turnips or our pumpkin crop, or have any part or lot in it!

Sir Thomas Browne calls Nature the art of God. Viewed in this light we get a new conception of Nature, the artistic conception. We do not ask: Is it good or bad, for us or against us? we are intent on its symbolical or ideal character. Through it God expresses himself as the artist does, be he painter, poet, or musician, through his work, blending the various elements—the light and shade, the good and the bad, the positive and the negative—into a vital, harmonious whole. Creation becomes a picture, or a drama, or a symphony, in which all life plays its part, in which all scenes and conditions, all elemental processes and displays, play their part and unite to make a vast artistic whole. The contradictions in life, the high lights, the deep shadows, the imperfections, the neutral spaces, are but the devices of the artist to enhance the total effect of his work. In ethics and religion we ask of a thing: "Is it good?" In philosophy: "Is it true?" In science: "Is it a fact, and verifiable?" But in art we ask: "Is it beautiful?" or "Is it a real creation?" "Is it one with the vital and flowing currents of the world?"

The artist alone is the creator among men; he is disinterested; he has no purpose but to rival Nature; he subordinates the parts to the whole; he illustrates the divine law of indirections. The bold, literal truth is not for him, but the illusive, the suggestive, the ideal truth. He does not ask what life or Nature are for, or are they good or bad, but he interprets them in terms of the relation of their parts, he reads them in the light of his own soul. He knows there is no picture without shadows, no music without discords, no growth without decay. The artist has "no axe to grind"; to him all is right with the world, however out of joint it may be in our self-seeking lives. Art is synthetic, and puts a soul under the ribs of Death. Science is a straight line, but Art is symbolized by the curve.

To regard Nature, therefore, as the art of God, is to see it complete in itself; all the disharmonies vanish, all our per-

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plexing problems are solved. The earth and the heavens are not for our private good alone, but for all other things. Opposites are blended. Good and bad are relative; heaven and hell are light and shade in the same picture. Our happiness or our misery are secondary; they are the pigments on the painter's pallette. The beauty of Nature is its harmony with our constitution; its terror emphasizes our weakness.

Where does the great artist get his laws of art but from his insight into the spirit and method of Nature? They are reflected in his own heart, the act of creation repeats itself in his own handiwork. The true artist has no secondary aims—not to teach or to preach, nor to praise, nor condemn; but to portray, and to show us, through the particular, the road to the universal.

Eckermann reports Goethe as saying to him that "Nature's intuitions are always good"; but if questioned, Goethe would hardly have maintained that the clouds, the winds, the streams, the tides, gravity, cohesion, and so on, have intentions of any sort, much less intentions directed to us or away from us. Even the wisest among us thus make man the aim and object of Nature. We impose our own psychology upon the very rock and trees.

Goethe always read into Nature his own human traits; always when he speaks of her he speaks as an artist and poet. He said to Eckermann that Nature "is always true, always serious, always severe; she is always right, and the errors and faults are always those of man. The man who is incapable of appreciating her, she despises; and only to the apt, the pure, the true, does she resign herself and reveal her secrets. The understanding will not reach her; man must be capable of elevating himself to the highest Reason to come into that contact with the Divinity which manifests in the primitive phenomena which dwell behind them and from which they proceed. The divinity works in the living, not in the dead; in the becoming and changing, not in the become and the fixed. Therefore, reason, with its tendency toward the divine, has only to do with the becoming, the living; but understanding has to do with the become, the already fixed, that it may make use of it." In this last we see the germ of Bergson's philosophy. The divinity that dwells behind phenomena, and from which they proceed, is the attempt of the human mind to find the end of that which has no end, the law of causation.

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This brings me to say that Walt Whitman's attitude toward Nature stands out in contrast with that of all other poets, ancient or modern. It was not that of the poet who draws his themes from Nature, or makes much of the gentler and fairer forms of wood and field, spring and summer, shore and mountain, as has been so largely the custom of poets from Virgil down. Take all the Nature lyrics and idyls out of English and American poetry, and how have you impoverished it, how many names would suffer! Nor does Whitman's attitude in any degree conform to the worshipful attitude of Wordsworth and so many other poets since his time. He did not humanize Nature or read himself into it; he did not adorn it as a divinity; he did not see through it as through a veil to spiritual realities beyond, as Emerson so often does; he did not gather bouquets of flowers, nor distill the wild perfumes in his pages; he did not fill the lap of earth with treasures not her own—all functions of true poetry, we must admit, and associated with great names. Yet he made more of Nature than any other poet has done; he saw deeper meanings in her for purposes of both art and life; but it was Nature as a whole—not the parts, not the exceptional phases, but the total scheme and unfolding of things.

He who can bring to Whitman's rugged and flowing lines anything like the sympathy and insight that beget them, will know what I mean. Our modern Nature-poets are holiday flower-gatherers beside this inspired astronomer, geologist, and biologist, all in one, sauntering the streets, loitering on the beach, roaming the mountains, or wrapt and silent under the midnight skies. When, now in my old age, I open his pages again and read the *Song of the Open Road, Crossing Brooklyn Ferry, The Song of the Broad Axe, This Compost, Walt Whitman, Great are the Myths, Laws for Creation,* and scores of others, I seem to be present at the creation of worlds. I am in touch with primal energies. I am borne along by a tide of life and power that has no parallel elsewhere in literature. It is not so much mind as it is personality, not so much art as it is Nature, not so much poetry as it is the earth, the sky. Oh, the large, free handling! the naked grandeur, the elemental sympathy, the forthrightness, and the power! Not beauty alone, but meanings, unities, profundities; not merely the bow in the clouds, but the clouds also, and the sky, and the orbs beyond the clouds. A personal, sympathetic, interpretive attitude toward the whole

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of Nature, claiming it all for body and mind, drawing out its spiritual and esthetic values, forging his laws for creation from it, trying his own work by its standards, and seeking to emulate its sanity, its impartiality, and its charity.

Whitman wrote large the law of artistic productions which he sought to follow:

All must have reference to the ensemble of the world, and the compact truth of the world;

There shall be no subject too pronounced—All works shall illustrate the divine law of indirections.

What do you suppose creation is?

What do you suppose will satisfy the Soul, except to walk free, and own no superior?

What do you suppose I would intimate to you in a hundred ways, but that man or woman is as good as God?

And that there is no God any more divine than Yourself?

And that that is what the oldest and newest myths finally mean?

And that you or any one must approach creations through such laws?

Whitman's standards are always those of Nature and of life. Emerson hung his verses in the wind—a good thing to get the chaff out of poetry or wheat. Whitman brings his, and all art, to the test of the natural, universal standards. He read his songs in the open air to bring them to the test of real things; he emulated the pride of the level he planted his house by. Always is his eye on the orbs, and on the earth as a whole:

I feel the globe itself swift swimming through space.
I will confront the shows of day and night,
I will see if I am to be less real than they are.

He would have his songs tally "earth's soil, trees, winds, waves." "Can your performance face the open fields and the seaside?" he demands of those who would create the art of America.

I swear there is no greatness or power that does not emulate those of the earth,
There can be no theory of any account unless it corroborate the theory of the earth,
No politics, art, religion, behavior, or what not, is of account unless it compares with the amplitude of the earth,
Unless it face the exactness, vitality, impartiality, rectitude of the earth.

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His poems abound in natural images and objects, but there is rarely a trace of the method and spirit of the so-called Nature-poets, some of whom bedeck Nature with jewelry and finery till we do not know her.

In one of his Nature jottings, written in 1878, at his country retreat not far from Camden, New Jersey, he speaks thus of the emotional aspects and influences of Nature: "I too, like the rest, feel these modern tendencies (from all the prevailing intellections, literature, and poems) to turn everything to pathos, ennui, morbidity, dissatisfaction, death. Yet how clear it is to me that those are not the born results, influences of Nature at all, but of our own distorted, sick, or silly souls. Here amid this wide, free scene, how healthy, how joyous, how clean and vigorous and sweet!"

I do not wonder that Whitman gave such a shock to the reading public sixty years ago. This return, in a sense, to aboriginal Nature, this sudden plunge into the great ocean of primal energies, this discarding of all ornamentation and studied external effects of polish and elaboration, gave the readers of poetry a chill from which they are still sneezing. The fireside, the library corner, the seat in the garden, the nook in the woods: each and all have their charm and their healing power, but do not look for them in Walt Whitman. Rather expect the mountain tops, the surf-drenched beach, and the open prairies. A poet of the cosmos, fortified and emboldened by the tremendous discoveries and deductions of modern science, he takes the whole of Nature for his province and dominates it, is at home with it, affiliates with it through his towering personality and almost superhuman breadth of sympathy.

To pick flaws in Whitman (an easy matter) is like picking flaws in Nature herself. We do not look at the heavens or at the earth with a microscope; and to get at the good that there is in Whitman, we must bring to him a candor, a charity, and a spiritual robustness equal to his own, and that "inner, never-lost rapport we have with earth, light, air, trees," and all created things.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

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PROHIBITION IN KANSAS

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

THE State of Kansas has experimented with constitutional prohibition for a period of thirty-five years. The amendment was submitted by the Legislature at the session of 1879, adopted at the general election of 1880, and the enabling statute became effective May 1st, 1881. At this time Maine was already under State-wide prohibition, but prohibition was never taken very seriously there except as a political issue, and is at present scarcely more than nominal,—in fact, Governor Curtis, in his inaugural address, recommended that the whole pretense be given up. But in Kansas, prohibition has always been taken seriously and its enforcement has commanded the utmost efforts of the State; so while Kansas is not precisely a pioneer in the policy, she doubtless represents the very best that State-wide prohibition can do.

From the standpoint of constructive reform, it is regrettable that students of the alcohol problem usually take so absolute a view of it, tending to isolate it from other social issues and regard it as detached and unrelated. This tendency, so generally observable in most that has been written about Kansas, vitiates many arguments and nullifies many conclusions drawn from her experience. Propagandists on both sides of the question generalize freely from particular features of this experience, in a fashion that is utterly discredited by acquaintance with the history and make-up of the State. This is particularly true of attempts to apply the experience of Kansas to other States, though it also holds good of many attempts to interpret the course of prohibition in Kansas itself. The claims, for instance, of prosperity, public health, sanity, the absence of crime, and such like, are often interpreted in a preposterous relation to the

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State's policy of prohibition. Most of this sort of thing, of course, comes from public officials with axes to grind; for politicians in Kansas are quite what the majority of them are elsewhere—quite as hamstrung and time-serving, and quite as prone to compromise. But much of it also comes from studies that purport to be disinterested and even scientific. Only the other day, for instance, I saw a newspaper announcement of an article dealing with Kansas as "a State without saloons and without slums." The title sufficiently indicates the tenor of the prospectus. It would seem that the most derelict editorial judgment must be aware that under any liquor policy in the world, Kansas could not possibly breed slums. One might as easily think of her as breeding white bears. Slums are an immediate product of industrialism, not of drink. If there were never another drop of liquor in New York, Pittsburgh, Paterson, or any of our industrial centers, the slums would remain as they now are. Kansas has no relatively industrial life worth mentioning, and the wage-earning population of her largest cities is only about equal to the population of the Woolworth Building in New York.

Many Kansans recognize the disservice done the State by these exaggerations, and wish to promote a more intelligent view. One of them said to me that "there are many good things here with which prohibition has nothing to do, and many bad things that it is not responsible for; but, on the whole, it has helped." This is, I think, a very just estimate. The only question is whether the same result might not have been reached, at less expense of reaction and drawback, by some other method. I must say, too, that I never saw a fairer entertainment of this question than by these men who were supporting the State's policy with all their might. They discussed the weaknesses and drawbacks of prohibition, as well as its excellences, with conspicuous candor. So far were they from fanaticism and the pestilent temptation to generalize from the experience of their own State, that they gave explicit warning against the expectation that even the results obtained there could be reproduced satisfactorily elsewhere. "We have had a terrific fight for thirty years," said one of them, "and we have won and are satisfied. But any other State that tries it must make up its mind to the same struggle, *and without our initial advantages.*"

These initial advantages are the most important thing

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to be kept in mind by the student of State-wide prohibition as a general policy. They should be especially scrutinized by the legislative bodies of other States, who are under pressure to inaugurate a similar policy. We shall consider them presently; but before doing so, it is proper to show the net result of prohibition in Kansas at the present time—to see what the conditions are with which these advocates of the State's policy express themselves as satisfied.

The one direct result is the suppression of the saloon. On the positive side, this is the whole upshot of prohibition. It cannot be too clearly understood or too constantly borne in mind that *prohibition in Kansas does not mean the prohibition of drinking.* It is not directed against drinking. It is directed against the traditional method of retail distribution. There is no objection, apparently, to the method of handling direct to the consumer. The law does not interfere with it, and one hears no complaint. There is no trouble about getting anything one wants to drink, by the simple expedient of having it shipped in. It seems to be well understood in Kansas that the intention of sentiment is fully met by the suppression of the saloon, and there is no attempt to go beyond it. A leading merchant said to me, with the greatest candor: "I have everything in my cellar, just as my neighbors have, from champagne to ginger ale. I drink beer every night. My children drink it whenever they want it. I hope the Federal Government will never make it impossible for me to get it. But I don't know, really, whether I would shoulder a musket sooner to repel a foreign invasion of America, or to keep the saloon out of Kansas!"

The theory is, largely, that by this means liquor is kept out of the general consciousness, and particularly out of the consciousness of the young. There is a great deal to be said for this; yet it ought to be remembered, too, that there is a negative as well as a positive approach to consciousness. A score of times I heard it said in Kansas, and always with a curious air of finality, "Our boys have never seen a saloon in their lives." One appreciates the full value of this, and yet one cannot help wondering what they will do when they do see one, as at some time they almost inevitably will. But without wishing to whittle down an achievement of prohibition by this or any other speculation, the point to be remarked is that the achievement itself is thus sharply defined; and, while very conspicuous and valuable, must yet appear,

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from the absolutist point of view, somewhat attenuated.

Now, to abolish the saloon (which, I repeat, is the whole upshot of prohibition in Kansas)—to attain this very considerable result, the State has made sacrifices, in virtue of the method employed, which go far toward counterbalancing the value of the gain. It is distasteful to speak of evasions of the law; they are the stock-in-trade of the propagandist, and perhaps in their nature may not be handled quite scrupulously by anyone, at least in any detail. But speaking as broadly and guardedly as possible, Kansas has repeated the history of every absolutist enterprise since the world began. Promptly with the attempt to enforce prohibition, evasion began to run its squalid course. After the open saloon came a period of indirect licensing. In 1883, two years after prohibition was established, there were forty open saloons in Topeka, doing business under a license to sell certain specified liquors "and other drinks." A town the size of Fort Scott had as many as thirty-two places operating under such licenses. There was a period of the "original package saloon," of the club system, and the institution which became known the country over as the "Kansas drug store." Along with all these, went continually the masked saloon or "blind tiger," maintaining itself more or less precariously by alliance with local politics, frequently licensed by a schedule of raids and fines, until this was stopped by the repulsive expedient of the "ouster" law, whereby public officials can be put out of office incontinently for failure to enforce the law to the satisfaction of the State's attorney. Illicit retail distribution is now chiefly effected by the method known as "bootlegging," and this industry has assumed large proportions all over the State, especially on the southern Missouri border. Bootlegging, unfortunately, has been the principal factor in changing the traffic from lighter drinks, such as beer and wine, to spirits; because the lighter drinks are too bulky to be easily handled. One of the most extensive evasions is in the sale of fortified cider. The Kansas State Board of Health publishes analyses of something over thirty bottled ciders taken from the open market, showing from four to twelve per cent of alcohol. It is questionable whether as many could be found on the market in the three States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, put together. Probably these ciders furnish the poorer citizens with the stimulation afforded to the transient by the

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ministrations of the bootlegger and to the more affluent by those of the railway and express companies.

One asks oneself whether, after all, the open saloon would not be almost a fair exchange for the reaction produced upon any society by this kind of thing, by the perjury induced, the encouragement of furtive habits, the general spirit of fraud, deceit and hypocrisy, the abeyance of personal responsibility. And even in the direct view, if Kansas children have never seen a saloon, New York children have never been approached by a bootlegger. But too much may not be made of this. The chief point is that New York children may grow up with a just sense of moral values, in this particular, while Kansas children may not. Indeed, the most serious failure which a critic detects in the proposal to enforce temperance by prohibition, is in its utter upsetting of the sense of moral measure and proportion; and Kansas offers the best possible example of a community thus affected. Her intense preoccupation with alcohol has raised the problem in far too high relief and sunk other matters of social policy out of focus; in short, it has exercised the debilitating and retarding influence of any monomania. Undoubtedly the alcohol problem is great and difficult; undoubtedly it needs the direction of much more simple and sincere thought than has yet been put upon it. But to admit it as even a social problem of the first order is making a very handsome concession; while to let it monopolize the field of social thought and the output of social energy is the mere vicious pottering of fanaticism. As early as 1882 one of the public men of Kansas gave warning that "there is no other question either of State policy or economy that absorbs so much public attention. . . . In fact, I believe that I state only the truth when I assert that all other State questions have been and are now completely ignored by the people of the State." There is, unfortunately, no doubt of this; and I repeat that this engrossment, this persistent "intending of the mind" upon alcohol, is the most deplorable by-product of Kansas' long campaign. There are citizens of a more cosmopolitan type who by one means or another have come to take a less parochial view; but the majority magnify the liquor problem and the policy of prohibition to the proportions of absolute monopoly.

The best evidence of this is seen in the insistence on prohibition as a shibboleth to public office. Governor Capper told me with a sort of Ironside pride that it is impossible

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for anyone to be elected to any public office in Kansas unless he is sound on prohibition. Thus, obviously, as Burke says, it must become the first business of a public official " still further to contract the narrowness of men's ideas, to confirm inveterate prejudices, to inflame vulgar passions, and to abet all sorts of popular absurdities." The whole history of the movement is a history of terrorism. Governor St. John made a speech at Leavenworth in 1881, proposing a constabulary or bayonet bill for the subduing of evil-doers; proposing suspension of *habeas corpus* and trial by jury, and threatening Leavenworth with loss of appropriations, as he had previously threatened Topeka. When the constitutional amendment was passed, it carried by a majority of but 8,000, and out of a total vote of 201,236 there were 24,630 who did not vote on the amendment at all—a clear indication, fully substantiated by the literature of the period, that the campaign was a mere unwholesome riot of the worst passions and the meanest prejudices, and that the real sentiment of the State was left undetermined. These are but a few items out of a history so sordid and uninspiring that at the end of it one draws a long breath and wonders whether the politics of a nominal democracy must be forever condemned, like Mr. Weller's charity-boy at the end of the alphabet, " to go through with so much to get so little." After all, human life is very complex, and the issues that affect it are many, and are graduated on a fairly distinct scale of importance, if we will but permit ourselves to see them so. But Kansas does not do this, and until her civilization is extended and deepened, she never will.

And this last observation leads, by a connection that will presently be seen, to a consideration of the " initial advantages " which my informant referred to when he spoke of the possible extension of the prohibition policy to other States. They are usually reckoned at two: the absence of industrialism and the absence of large cities. From the standpoint of State-wide prohibition, these are undoubtedly great advantages for Kansas, but other States have them too. Her next-door neighbors, Nebraska and Oklahoma, have them. On the strength of these, therefore, it would seem to be as easy to maintain prohibition in Nebraska, say, as it is in Kansas. But these are not all, nor are they the greatest of the " initial advantages " which Kansas had for prohibition. Prohibition, in the largest view, is simply one

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of the modes of self-expression natural to a certain distinct type of civilization, now happily weakening to the point of general disappearance, but surviving in certain overflows and backwaters. Kansas has this type of civilization and has always had it; her neighbors have not. Hence, if prohibition grew with no less difficulty in its native soil than its history in Kansas appears to show, there is a corresponding expectation of greater difficulty with it in an alien soil, such as other States, in greater or less degree, present.

This matter is worth examination. The territory set off by the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854, might fairly be termed the American Balkans, as the alembic of national disturbances. The Act was the last in a series of compromise measures intended to reconcile and accommodate two social theories that in their nature could not be reconciled and accommodated. Whether or no President Pierce had entered into any political trade or deal over the matter, the expectation at Washington clearly was that Kansas should be a slave State and Nebraska free. But Congress so constructed the Act as to leave the question open as a measure of home rule for the inhabitants themselves to decide; thus virtually putting a rich premium upon colonization before both the abolitionist and slave-holding parties. The forces of abolition were the more mobile. Immediately upon the passage of the Act, the Legislature of Massachusetts incorporated the Emigrant Aid Society, and a portion of the stream of emigration which hitherto had gone from the free States into the West and Northwest, was now diverted southward into Kansas.

The result was the border warfare. Kansans say that their State was at war with the whole Union for four years before the Civil War broke out, and perhaps it is no very serious exaggeration to say so. We need not digress into the details of the stormy territorial period,—the period of border ruffianism, of squatter sovereignty and martial law, of raids and incursions from Missouri—when Kansas had at different times two armies on her soil, two Legislatures, and four constitutional conventions! One need note but these few outstanding circumstances of Kansas' birth to perceive at once how prohibition unfolded as a natural development of the spirit of the State. Even now, one has but to attend a public meeting in Kansas and survey the expanse of set, serious, unintelligent faces upturned toward Governor Capper or toward some impassioned preacher of separatist

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orthodoxy, to imagine perfectly what must have been the reaction of any strong emotion working on all this force of iron prejudice. The great body of Northern colonists came from the Middle West, largely from Ohio, which sheltered the first overflow of New England Puritanism and perhaps, after Kansas, best preserves the Puritan type of social theory. "But," said Mr. Rhodes, in a public address in Kansas a few years ago, "while the Ohio Valley furnished the thews and sinews, it was the spirit of old New England that gave leavening force to this dominant body. *Kansas thus became an expression of nineteenth century Puritanism, and in that fact lies the social significance of the history of our State.*"

Just so; it could not be put better. Brand Whitlock says somewhere that the distinguishing mark of Puritanism is its belief in absolutes—the belief that human beings and human institutions may be absolutely bad or (much more rarely) absolutely good. Whether or no this quite covers the ground, there is at least a full measure of truth in it as far as it goes. But the working social theory of Puritanism certainly postulates the relation between the State and its citizens as that of guardian and ward; and hence it tends continually toward a more and more intimate and personal regulation of conduct. To make this effective, Puritanism depends sheerly upon force. "We must *make* people be good," one Kansan told me; and throughout the State I heard the doctrine of "thy brother's keeper" put forward as an ultimate basis for certain lines of social endeavor which appeared, to say the least, very doubtful. The idea is, in a word, that the way to reform society is by putting as many people as possible in jail; if we can only get enough people in jail, society will be virtuous and everybody happy! I would not represent the individual Kansan as standing at this extreme; I am merely laying bare the general theory on which his civilization is established.

This theory brings forth two serious practical abuses: first, the pernicious confusion of vice with crime and the consequent tendency to erect vice into crime—the confusion of the offence *malum in se,* or that which is opposed to the general reason and conscience of mankind, with the offense *malum prohibitum,* about which the general reason and conscience of mankind is divided. In Kansas, for example, several persons told me that the prohibition law was not

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invariably enforced, but that it was, on the whole, enforced as well as the laws against murder and burglary! I was interested, too, in the remark of another citizen, who said naïvely that a small number of foreigners who had settled in the southeastern part of the State were making trouble about liquor, because they "did not understand the law." Undoubtedly, it is ten to one they did not. The second practical abuse is the intense, hankering interest set up in other people's shortcomings. It would probably be invidious to develop this point fully, or to go far afield in search of examples. Cromwell's legislation and the Blue Laws of Connecticut are historical, however, and illustrate sufficiently this inquisitional and morbid concern with other people's business, in behalf of some more or less specious notion of public necessity or public good. This trait of Puritanism persists largely in the Middle West, and is scarcely distinguishable from the instinct of the *voyeur* or "peeper." Kansas has no monopoly of it; one can scarcely pick up an Illinois or Ohio paper without reading of the exploits of some new vice crusade or vice commission, or the pawing and puddling of some Pastors' Union. The fetid fascinations of this sort of sluttery, served up as daily news, would be incomprehensible to any spirit but that of Anglo-Teuton Puritanism.

The emigrant settlers of Kansas were full of this social theory—it was bone of their bone, they knew no other—and the savage ruffling of their temper in the border war set it to the consistency of adamant. They went to work to erect a civilization that should express this theory without let or hindrance. The Topeka Convention, for example, seriously proposed that all negroes, slave or free, should be excluded from the State! Circumstances helped them; their immense remoteness saved their work from being sapped by any alien spirit. The population remained homogeneous; it is now ninety-seven per cent. native. Foreign immigration dried up—and no wonder! Governor St. John in 1881 took the ground that the State did not want immigrants "who would grow grapes and who were not willing to give up the beverages they were used to." Even Governor Capper speaks in a similar vein in a magazine article printed only the other day—so little has Kansas been touched by the heat of the melting-pot.

In a circular of the New England Emigrant Aid Society,

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sent out July 2, 1855, asking all the clergymen of New England to become members and help raise a fund of $150,000, the objects mentioned are Freedom, Religion, Education and Temperance—the four very last things, one would say, in view of the history of Puritanism, that a Puritan organization should pretend to meddle with. The last paragraph of the circular sets forth that "traffic in intoxicating liquors scarcely exists in any one of the [Kansas] towns founded with the Company's assistance, and any attempt to introduce it will be resisted by their citizens." At the first social gathering held on the site of Topeka, May 17, 1855, were assembled all the people living for miles around (except the Indians!). The four sentiments there proposed were: Our Territory; The Influence of Woman; Our Friends at Home; and The Maine Law; "may it be to Topeka what the main pillar is to the temple of liberty!" The Methodist Church, which from its foundation in America has maintained the Puritan attitude towards liquor, was organized in Kansas in 1845, and is now numerically the leading denomination; while the Presbyterian church has been expressing what Burke finely called "the dissidence of Dissent and the protestantism of the Protestant religion," for nearly as long a period. Many of the earliest title-deeds contain a proviso that liquor shall never be sold on the land, under penalty of reversion. A "Prohibition Colony" came from Illinois and organized in Dickinson County, under a clergyman named Christopher, in 1871. A certain firm, as early as 1883, gave notice that if any employee were seen in saloons at any time or known to drink intoxicating liquor "in any form or degree," he would be discharged; and within a week after the order, they did actually discharge thirty men.

All this tends to show how prohibition came to pass in Kansas, and how much more her "initial advantages" amount to over mere geography. She was colonized by the unqualified Puritan temper, seven times refined to the acme of truculence in the fires of the Border War. She has kept inviolate her intellectual and spiritual isolation, her inaccessibility to ideas, and hence her dominant social theory is as stoutly Puritan as it ever was, and her general civilization faithfully reflects it.

Now the trouble with Puritan civilization is that it provides for too few needs of the human spirit. The defenders of Puritanism have always been hard put to it to answer the

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question which is surely the most natural in the world: If Puritan civilization is so good, why did it so soon collapse? Above all, why did it collapse as promptly in New England as in Old England? Cromwell did great things for Britain; the Puritan fathers surely did great things for the Colonies. Why, then, did the English people almost immediately swing back to the false and vicious system of the Stuarts, and why did New England so shortly fall away from Puritan traditions and social theory?

Puritanism wholly satisfied the one great instinct of workmanship, of expansion. One can *do business,* as the saying is, under Puritanism. It largely satisfies the instinct of morals—with some important qualifications which we need not dwell on here. But the human spirit can not work exclusively along the lines of business and morals; it has other instincts, too, which a civilization that has hope of permanence must meet and satisfy. The instinct of social life, of intellect and knowledge, of beauty, of religion—these Puritanism never satisfied, nay, it maltreated and suffocated them. Puritanism is overspread with the curse of hardness, and the penalty that nature puts upon hardness is hideousness, dismalness. Human society swings away from Puritanism because the pressure on its obtunded instincts of intellect, beauty, religion and social life became more than it could bear.

In 1881 an intending immigrant in South Germany wrote a letter to some one in Kansas in which he hit the precise note of criticism. "None of my friends can imagine themselves living under such stringent laws," he says, "and they think *it cannot be good where such laws are considered necessary.*" Quite so; a civilization that does not meet these elemental demands of the human spirit offers a life that *cannot be good,* a life that is illiberal and dissatisfying, and no amount of business opportunities and factitious morals can reconcile one to it. We ourselves, generally speaking, have perhaps not yet sufficiently emerged from the influence of Puritanism to be as keenly aware of this as our immediate descendants will be; but the foreigner, especially of the Latin or Slav type, imaginative, sentimental and well-mannered, is aware of it at once.

All this is by no means paving the way for an intimation that Kansas ought to enlarge and deepen her civilization by opening houses. Far from it. I heartily congratluate her on

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getting rid of the saloon, and I hope it will never come back. I am merely showing what seems to me to be the chief ground for dissatisfaction with the method employed in getting rid of it, and for believing that it cannot be generally adopted. Nor would I be thought to appraise and measure civilization by its distance from Broadway. The cities of Arles and Ancona are about the size of Topeka, quite as far from Broadway, figuratively, as Topeka, and like Topeka, they have no saloons. But the quality of life in Arles and Ancona is very different from the quality of life in Topeka; and one need see but a very little of it to find it so. The civilization of French and Italian cities has its weaknesses, no doubt; it fails somewhat in meeting the instinct of expansion, for example. But it meets the instinct of knowledge and intellect; ideas are current there, and are handled disinterestedly and not with the fierce, dogged, provincial obstinacy that Puritanism employs towards ideas not of its own devising. Moreover, this civilization has the invincible attraction of beauty and amenity, it is *amiable;* and the civilization of Puritanism is not.

As the shadow of Puritanism declines, we shall get a new light reflected from older civilizations upon many social difficulties that have so far refused to yield to the method of stark, unintelligent repression which is the only one that Puritanism knows how to employ. With regard to the one problem which Kansas has been so grotesquely misled by her Puritan strain as to consider paramount[1] it is interesting to find that a citizen of Kansas wrote in 1881 as follows:

> Had it become known abroad that Kansas had succeeded in establishing a law restricting the manufacture and sale of spirits and confining the sale of wine, beer and cider to respectable resorts . . . we should have had the approval of all good people, the cheerful co-operation of all respectacle foreigners, and the example would have been one worthy of imitation.

There is no doubt of this. It is owing to this simple and constructive expedient that the liquor problem, which has proved so refractory in the Puritan civilizations of England and America, has been so handily managed by civilizations of a different type. The above was written at the time when

[1]For example, to the eye of sober judgment the problem of the increase of tenant farming is much more serious in Kansas than the problem of alcohol ever was or could be.

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prohibition was being seized on to bolster the shaky fortunes of the Republican party in Kansas, and it fell on the deaf ear of Puritanism. Yet how easily otherwise such a measure might have prevailed then and might prevail now, whether the issue be regarded as local, State or national! A differential tax, graded according to alcoholic content, and a modification of the saloon such as the Public House Trust and (since the war) the British Board of Control are effecting in England—making the saloon a place of decent resort and general refreshment like the *Bierhalle* or the Continental café: these two logical and lucid measures alone would reach the core of the problem which prohibition merely fumbles, and carry it nine-tenths of the way toward final solution.

I suggested this to Mr. William Allen White, who is probably the best informed and the ablest native critic of Kansas affairs. He replied with sterling frankness that it was the best way if it could be had, but that it could not be had in Kansas. If the liquor trade, he said, had ever offered a suitable compromise proposition in good faith, there would never have been prohibition in Kansas, and if it were not for the defensive alliance between the manufacturers of wine and beer on the one hand and the manufacturers of spirits on the other, there would be no prohibtion there now. But as things are, prohibition is the less of two evils, and would have his advocacy.

Insight into the real nature of the problem, like this on the part of Mr. White, argues favorably for practicable reform. With the inevitable weakening of the civilization and social theory that maintains it, prohibition must inevitably weaken and be found wanting; and that time is near at hand. Allowing a maximum for the force of a crude and unintelligent Puritanism in the public and an equally crude and unintelligent Bourbonism in the trade, there still must be in both, even now, a force of sound critical opinion that might unite on a policy that other countries have tried and found to be at once simple, constructive, and satisfactory.

ALBERT JAY NOCK.

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OFF NEWBURYPORT BAR

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

Out of the chambers of the sea the gale
Blows through the ancient town. And all its breath
Is bitter with the salt spume that has knit
Fans of white fire above the straining tops
Of masts that quiver to their fall. All night
Hollows of the horizon heave vast sighs;
We hear great organ-music through our dreams,
Or wake to tremble at the helpless cry
Of surges roaring into nothingness.

But in the narrow ways of streets and courts
And under battling boughs, though wild sound smite
Pulses to stillness, yet is the sight forfend
Of all the plain of the dim deep whose wreaths
That soar and sink are powdered into air
Blown thinner than a ghost. Nor ours to see
Torment of watery tumultuousness,
Nor any seething of the shoaling seas
In heartbreak of dull twilight; nor when clear
The moon along the edge of the clouds runs out
To touch the leaping spray, and hurrying hides
In caverns of the night and storm, while gulfs
Of black and silver burst in monstrous shapes
Hovering and swooping; nor when springing day
A swift and sudden arrow shoots and wakes
The cock of sacrifice upon his spire
To splendid life.
He, on his spindle set,
Nor veering in the teeth of the blast that sings
In mighty rhythms from the outer east,
Looks with defiant eye across the bar
That, vague with changing phantoms of the foam,
Rears all its flashing crest from march to march
Of the low sand-dunes.

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He, and he alone,
Sees lines of parting coast, and one long league
Combed white as wool where the broad breaker tears
The tide incoming to suck down the shore
With every plunge of its mad shock that plays
With continents for counters. Wide and wild—
Again the gracious gold of morning lost—
He sees in gloom the gray expanses meet

Gray heaven, if that be heaven which bends so low
It mantles jets and shafts and flying falls
Of spinning scud and the chance wave that looms
Like some wan giant vanishing in cloud
Upon the swell.
He, when in one great sheet
The rending mists let out a sudden sea
With bout of blast and billow, on his watch
That compasses meridians of storm,
Sees at broad anchorage the fishing-craft,
Stripped to the challenge of the tempest; sees
Far off the fated barque whose broken mast
Rakes the last verge, and up whose slant deck ride
The hungry hordes that ravage her, the while
She drifts through weltering furrows to the land
That lies in treacherous wait beneath its mask
Of shallows that in the sunshine of yestere'en
Played green and azure beauty over sands
Tarnished and tawny.
Still within the east
That, sullen, gathers back its bitter breath,
He sees gaunt wings that shine in flame and snow,
Skim in wide circles, sweep and dip to snatch
The long tress streaming weed-like through the wave
That glasses dead illusion, sliding on
From slope to slope and ever shoreward tossed
Where the fierce ledges wade to meet their prey.
And with the passing of the day he sees
The Ipswich and White Island lenses fire
With racing sparkles all the red-lipped pack
Rolling and ravening beneath. He sees
Across the waste of tumbling waters then
Spent sailors clinging to the shrouds that ring
To dreadful music, multitudinous song,
Far born and swollen full of death and doom,
Voice breaking into voice above their graves,
Their shifting graves—while all the lights of home
Begin to tremble through the evening air,

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The purple evening that the great gale leaves
Still shaken with long soughs and sobs.
But we,
Shut in among our streets and narrow ways
From all the gusty tumult of the seas
And yeasty evanescence, only know
The room that like a rose with firelight blooms,
And the worn woman screening with her hand
The pane through which she peers, then shuddering turns
To mark the little children at the hearth
Watch with strange thrills, half terror and half sport,
Her mounting shadow climb and follow her
And crouch and sink upon her like a pall
As the ash gathers and the brand burns black.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

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SAMUEL BUTLER

BY CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

It is now some thirteen years since Samuel Butler died, after a life of brilliant activity in many fields of literary and artistic expression. His novel, *The Way of All Flesh,* his satires, his biological writings, his attitude towards many philosophical and social problems, anticipated by a generation at least the trend of opinion. Practically unknown during his life, and when known largely misunderstood and disliked, he is now barely beginning the slow conquest of his rightful place as a bold and subtle thinker, one of the most original and creative minds of his time.

The qualities that made Butler unpopular in his lifetime are the extremely elusive character of his satire, his fondness for paradox, the strange views and apparent inconsistencies which he defended so ardently, and the multiplicity of his interests, which gave to his work a superficial effect of dilettantism. One might conceivably come upon chaos in trying to interpret the work of a man who painted pictures, composed music, wrote art criticism and travel sketches, worked up a voluminous biography of his grandfather, published a commentary on Shakespeare's Sonnets, translated the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* (advancing and defending the hypothesis that the *Odyssey* was the work of a woman), wrote four highly controversial books on evolution, three satires (two of which at least are worthy to rank with the work of Swift), several very respectable sonnets, and an absorbing autobiographic and sociological novel. Add to this his audacity in attacking single-handed—with no weapons but his keen commonsense and the charm and pointed brilliancy of his style—the " vested interests " of religion and science, and we may understand that most of his critics either hated or mistrusted him because they completely failed to grasp what he was driving at. So it was that this man, who broke

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a lance with every aspect of orthodoxy except the political, could be variously described as "a typical middle-class Englishman," "a hedonist and an advocate of compromise," "a true Christian," and a "clever trickster" bent only upon dazzling and bewildering, with nothing of importance to say.

Butler had very definite things to say, and he was so imbued with their importance that he said them over and over, seriously or humorously, brusquely or suavely, literally or figuratively, as his mood demanded. But he pursued his purpose from so many angles, he was so rich in illustration, so fond of playing with ideas, of turning them inside out, of showing how inevitably they contained in themselves their own contradictions: his hatred of dogmatism and his keen self-criticism led him to show up so ruthlessly the weak spots even of his own favorite notions, that he often seemed to be arguing against himself. His sensitiveness to the subtlety of words often led him to discuss one class of ideas in the terms of another. He was fond of talking biology in the language of religion and religion in the language of science. But this was far more than mere verbal play. It sprang from his deeply monistic attitude, his strong sense of the oneness of all aspects of life and of the illumination to be gained by interpreting them by each other.

Butler was pre-eminently a biologist. His biological theories are the key to his social and religious views; his philosophy of life was built up with an almost architectural harmoniousness from his conception of the nature of life and of its evolution from forms so low that we do not even recognize it there, to the high complexities of modern social organization. His artistic and literary criticism has no special interest for us now except in that it carries his crotchety charm and illustrates the curious contradictions in his unusual and interesting personality. He was either unable or unwilling to understand the spirit of modern art or music, harking back to the past for his favorites. In literature he preferred Homer and Shakespeare, and bestowed an impartial and cordial dislike on most of his own contemporaries. This odd antiquarian streak in his nature was perhaps emphasized by his personal isolation from the political and literary currents of his time. But this only throws into high relief the extraordinary originality and keenness of his mind, which gave perhaps the first literary expression in

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England to that " revolt of the Life Force against ready-made morality " (and, in fact, against ready-made ideas of any kind) of which Bernard Shaw speaks in the Preface to *The Irrational Knot.*

Butler was born in 1835 and died in 1902. His adult life began in the days when the famous " fight between science and religion " was ranging men the world over into two irreconcilable camps of Darwinians and religionists. Characteristically, he began his career by casting a stone into both camps, and thus making bitter enemies in the two powerful intellectual factions of his day. Reared in an orthodox household, the son and grandson of a clergyman, he had been destined for the Church and had actually begun to prepare for ordination. It was not long before he conceived doubts concerning various articles of faith, with the result that instead of becoming a curate he sailed away to New Zealand to start a sheep farm and read *The Origin of Species.* Both activities were momentous. The sheep farming plus a good many other things produced *Erewhon,* while his reading of Darwin made him for six months an ardent Darwinian and for the rest of his life an active opponent of the mechanistic interpretation of life which Darwin's insistence on Natural Selection implied.

With the exception of *Erewhon Revisited,* all Butler's important work was done in the fifteen years between the appearance of *Erewhon* in 1872 and of *Luck or Cunning?* in 1887. Into this period fall all his biological works, his attacks on religious dogma, and the brilliant fragments of social philosophy and satire scattered through *Erewhon* and *The Way of All Flesh,* his one novel, written from 1870 to 1884, but not published until after his death.

In *Erewhon* Butler had already outlined quite definitely many of the views which later were more fully elaborated, to bring down upon him a course of " sneer, snarl and misrepresentation " amounting to " practical boycott " (Notebooks). Oddly enough it was an unexpected success—the most successful of all Butler's books during his life. This popularity he attributed to the fact that it had appeared anonymously, thus presenting the double interest of a " new and an unknown voice "; and no doubt, also, people were ready to accept, in the guise of fantasy, reflections on church and state, on education and science and family life, which they indignantly rejected when put forth seriously and au-

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thoritatively. Then too, the satire in *Erewhon* was more general and more diffused, its implications not so clear as in his later works, if indeed it was generally understood at all. Butler's peculiar method of presenting his real views in mock support of some absurd conclusion, of changing back and forth —sometimes several times in a single argument—from ironic praise of what is, to ironically expressed suggestion of what should be, is decidedly baffling until one gets used to it, when it may become very fascinating. Certainly the public which received his next book, *The Fair Haven* (1873), had become so little used to it that this elaborate and erudite hoax was taken seriously by a large number of people—including a prominent clergyman who sent it to a friend whom he wished to convert—and several reviewers of religious publications. Of course these people never forgave Butler for having made fools of them. The distrust and contempt with which his later works were received no doubt had its origin here. Purporting to be " A Work in Defense of the Miraculous Element in Our Lord's Ministry Upon Earth," the book is in reality an ironical analysis of all the arguments advanced by theologians to justify belief in the supernatural, and a pretended refutation of all unbelievers. With such two-edged satire Butler was in his element, and he let himself go with infinite relish. Mr. Streatfield, his literary executor, assures us that Butler never intended *The Fair Haven* as a hoax, but " fully expected his readers to comprehend his irony, and anticipated that some at least would keenly resent it." Many years later he used the same theme, the development of a miracle myth in fictional form, in *Erewhon Revisited,* in some respects perhaps his most delightful book.

Five years after *The Fair Haven,* Butler published *Life and Habit,* the first and most important of his works on evolution and the foundation for all the others. He had already, in *Erewhon* and in an earlier essay published in a New Zealand paper, discussed machines as supplementary limbs which increase man's power and react upon his development. He now proposed to himself " to see not only machines as limbs, but also limbs as machines. I felt immediately," he writes (*Unconscious Memory,* Ch. II. " How I Wrote Life and Habit "), " that I was upon firmer ground. The use of the word ' organ ' for a limb told its own story; the word could not have become so current under this meaning unless the idea of a limb as a tool or machine had been

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agreeable to commonsense. What would follow, then, if we regarded our limbs and organs as things we had ourselves manufactured for our own convenience? The first question that suggested itself was, how did we come to make them without knowing anything about it? And this raised another, namely, how comes anybody to do anything unconsciously? The answer 'habit' was not far to seek." Butler then pointed out the unconsciousness with which habitual actions are performed, the unconsciousness increasing with the perfection of our knowledge, so that we are most conscious of and have most control over such habits as speech, the upright position, the arts and sciences, which are peculiar to the human race and always acquired after birth; less conscious of and less able to control our eating and drinking, swallowing, seeing and hearing,—habits comparatively recent, geologically speaking, but still acquired in our prehuman ancestry and fairly familiar to us at birth; least conscious, finally, and least able to control our digestion and circulation, the most ancient habits of the race, belonging even to our invertebrate ancestry.

What is race experience, Butler asked, but the memory of past acts? But how can the individual remember the experience of the race unless he actually took part in that experience himself? It follows that parents and offspring are one in personality, in the same sense that a man is one with his past self of thirty, fifty or eighty years back. The generations are to life what phases of personality are to the individual. "We are all one animal."

The memory on the part of the offspring of actions which it performed in the persons of its forefathers is latent until it is rekindled by a recurrence of the associated ideas: that is to say, until it finds itself in a situation similar to that in which its parents performed the action. It is this constant repetition of similar actions under similar conditions that gives us the stable, hereditary factor in evolution. But it happens also that the situation constantly recurs in a slightly modified form, and it will be necessary for the individual to add to its store of memory a new element to cope with the new fact. It is out of this "sense of need" that the variational factor arises.

Evolution is thus not the result of fortuitous and yet mechanical natural selection acting upon the individual from without. It is produced by the faith of the individual him-

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self, "the desire to know, to do, to live at all," the will or "sense of need" to master the constantly arising new. Thus it is teleological—though not in the old Lamarckian sense—that its purpose is predetermined and imposed by a Creator and Ruler who is not an organism. Butler means by purpose the purpose of the creature itself, a purpose it exerts at each step of the way even though it does not know what the next step or succeeding steps may be. He illustrates his meaning very clearly when he says that the man who invented the water kettle did so with a purpose, although he had no conception of a steam engine. Nevertheless the kettle is a necessary step in the evolution of the engine.

This was the beginning of the controversy with Darwin, which later became, unfortunately, personal as well as scientific. Undoubtedly Butler had grounds for indignation at the way in which he was ignored by Darwin and his followers, even by those whose own works supported him in one point or another. He had retained a profound admiration for Darwin even after the first divergence from his views, and in *Life and Habit* pointed out that whatever imperfections might in the future be found in the theory of natural selection, however much the vitalistic view of evolution might gain in importance and the inheritance of acquired characters come to be recognized, the glory of having "taught people to believe in evolution," and of having accumulated the multitudinous facts by means of which the teaching had been done, would always be Darwin's. Butler was so far from feeling any hostility at this time that he expected "that *Life and Habit* was going to be an adjunct to Darwinism which no one would welcome more gladly than Mr. Darwin himself."

He was doomed to be bitterly disappointed. His book, we are told by Professor Hartog (in his Introduction to *Unconscious Memory*), "was received by professional biologists as a gigantic joke—a joke, moreover, not in the best possible taste. True, its central ideas, largely those of Lamarck, had been presented by Hering in 1870 (as Butler found shortly after his publication); they had been favorably received, developed by Haeckel, expounded and praised by Ray Lankester. Coming from Butler they met with contumely, even from such men as Romanes, who, as Butler had no difficulty in proving, were unconsciously inspired by the same ideas. . . .

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"It is easy, looking back, to see why *Life and Habit* so missed its mark. . . . Butler introduced himself as what we now call 'The Man in the Street,' far too bare of scientific clothing to satisfy the Mrs. Grundy of the domain: lacking all recognized tools of science and all sense of the difficulties in his way, he proceeded to tackle the problems of science with little save the deft pen of the literary expert in his hand. His very failure to appreciate the difficulties gave greater power to his work. . . ."

It is true that Butler knew no hesitation in following wherever his mind led him, even if it carried him in opposition to the very seats of the mighty. His conviction that truth is not absolute and can never be the exclusive property of any one, and his confidence in the sanity and integrity of his own mind, often helped him to rush in where men of science feared to tread. He had "no wish to instruct," but he proposed to "write about Mr. Darwin's work exactly as I should about any one else's." (*Unconscious Memory*, Ch. II). At the same time he never felt any "vested interest" in his own ideas merely because they were his. He had reached his conclusions on the nature of heredity "by the exercise of a little commonsense while regarding certain facts which are open to everyone," and he was always ready, as he said of some one else, "to jump on his dead selves to some tune."

With the publication of *Evolution Old and New* the break between Butler and Darwin became complete. Butler had gone back to the forgotten and discredited works of Buffon, Erasmus, Darwin and Lamarck and presented them to the world anew not only as pioneers of the very school which now chose to ignore their existence, but as distinctly in advance of it in several particulars, coupling his analysis of their work with the unequivocal charge that Darwin had consciously refrained from giving them the credit that was their due. This sort of injustice roused Butler to the pitch of fury. He was, in all big matters, the most generous of men, and he did not understand that not lack of candor, but actual ignorance and immersion in technical detail, might be the compartively innocent causes of a very real neglect. Even the bitter tone which his polemic had now assumed was not the result of personal pique. It was due to a sense of outrage at what seemed to him the crime of crimes: the failure to keep the mind open to all truths old and new, and to acknowl-

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edge the source whence they came; the fossilization of the spirit into a sterile academicism. He would even "view with dismay the abolition of the Church of England, as knowing that a blatant, bastard science would instantly step into her shoes." The man of science was only "the cleric in his latest development."

In *Unconscious Memory* Butler developed the main idea of *Life and Habit* and definitely connected his views with those of Hering. In *Luck or Cunning?* he further emphasized the nature of heredity as unconscious memory, and elaborated the conception of purpose or "cunning" as the force that makes life evolve and vary. Finally in *The Deadlock in Darwinism,* an essay, there is additional criticism of Darwin, Wallace, and Weismann.

Whatever the imperfections in Butler's theory, and however unfortunate may have been the conditions attending its publication, his work was so far from deserving the treatment it received that it has pointed out the way for much post-Darwinian criticism, and for most modern vitalistic hypotheses. Of late even the highest official recognition has not been lacking. In a volume on *Darwin and Modern Science* published in 1908 by the Cambridge University Press in commemoration of the centenary of Charles Darwin, Professor W. Bateson, F.R.S., contributes an essay on *Heredity and Variation in Modern Lights* in which he refers to Butler as one of Darwin's most brilliant critics, while Sir Francis Darwin in an address before the British Association paid Butler the tribute of tracing his theory of heredity from Hering and Butler through the work of such men as Rignano and Semon, and expressed himself in agreement with it. The *Living Age* for October 17, 1908, makes the comment that "Mr. F. Darwin brings to his assistance for interpreting the actions of plants and lowest animal forms such terms as 'habit' and 'memory,' taken directly from psychology. 'In all living things there is something psychic . . . we must believe that in plants there exists a faint copy of what we know as consciousness in ourselves.'" This is of course pure Butlerism.

Butler had no effect on the biologists of his day, but it has not taken very long for his ideas to become incorporated in the scientific thought of ours, so close to his as to be really still a part of it. Much of this has happened by the inevitable development of ideas, often without direct inspiration from

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him, more often still without recognition. Still it will hardly be necessary for a future Butler to do for him what he did for the pre-Darwinian evolutionists. His reputation is in the ascendant not only as a scientist among scientists, but as novelist, satirist, sociologist, with the general public as well. His social philosophy, which so puzzled his critics, will not seem incomprehensible or inconsistent when we remember that Butler was a highly original conservative as well as innovator, and that he viewed the process of social change from the viewpoint of the biologist. He believed that we must vary, but that we must vary by infinitesimal degrees, "nature seeming equally to hate too wide a deviation from our ordinary practice, and no deviation at all." If the change is too great the creature is at a loss how to meet it, because there is nothing in its store of memories to which it can refer, and a too sudden change in the social structure could not be assimiliated by society any more than a too sudden change in physical conditions by the individual organism. We are not left to infer the social application. Butler was careful to point it out himself.

It was no doubt this attitude that led to his contempt for propagandists, persons with "causes." They seemed to him to be trying to push down people's throats things for which they were not ready. He felt that the truth could be trusted to establish itself under the most adverse conditions, and somewhat perversely desired the conditions to be as adverse as possible as a test for the value of the truth in question. Thus, "Truth is like money—lightly come, lightly go; and if she cannot hold her own against even gross misrepresentation, she is herself not worth holding." This is what he meant, too, in his frequent references to the necessity of pleasing the average person, the "nice" person, references which were so generally interpreted as advocacies of base compromise. It is true that Butler was sometimes extremely whimsical in his choice of the particular compromise he chose to offer, but the point he was trying to make, and which he did make in spite of minor inconsistencies, is that a social or spiritual change has not really taken place so long as it exists only in the consciousness of the intellectual leaders of the world. Not until it has been so thoroughly democratized that it becomes the daily bread, the blood and bone, of the people, has it really arrived; and unless the many can assimiliate it, the vision of the few will have been in vain.

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To the radical it may seem that Butler made the mistake common to biologists of applying the formulae of natural science somewhat too rigidly to social conditions. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he did not apply them extensively enough. In biology he had recognized the mutations that occur at long intervals during which there is no apparent change, and suggested that the period of quiescence was one of preparation, and that the "sport," springing full-fledged from the race without observable antecedents, was but the visible consummation of a long and secret growth —a perfect biological sanction for the social revolution which may burst forth, not by chance, as it often seems to, but at the exact moment of ripeness.

So much for the more conservative side of Butler's sociology. He had held aloof from the social and political turmoil of his time. The Socialist revival of the eighties, the "cart and trumpet" campaigns glorified by Bernard Shaw, the woman's movement, passed him by without apparently touching him. Nevertheless, whenever he does turn from the consideration of how change takes place, to the consideration of what specific change may come, he is invariably so far ahead of his time that the present generation, while it has absorbed many of his views, has in some cases but barely and tentatively, in others not yet at all, begun to put them into practice. This is true of his opinions concerning disease and crime, education, the relations of parents and children, and the effect of institutions on human nature. This last was undoubtedly Butler's most radical contribution. It was of course not new, having been stated by Marx and others as part of the theory of the economic basis of social progress, and is today a commonplace of college text-books; but Butler undoubtedly worked it out for himself and presented it in *Lucubratio Ebria,* an early essay, and elsewhere in a characteristically original fashion.

It is rather unfortunate that Butler's friends should have striven so hard to prove that he was a religious man in any sense in which the Church could accept that term. They reiterate that he was a broad Churchman and a communicant, and that he frequently used such expressions as "God" and "the unseen world." Perhaps he was, and undoubtedly he did, but it is hard to understand how anyone who has read Butler's essay, *God the Known and God the Unknown,* which appeared in *The Examiner* in 1879, after he had published

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The Fair Haven and *Life and Habit,* and which is his mature and fully considered Credo, could seriously put forth such a claim. His religion, if one may call it such, can hardly be distinguished from his biology. "God is the animal and vegetable world and the animal and vegetable world is God. . . . There is no living organism untenanted by the Spirit of God, nor any Spirit of God perceivable by man apart from organism embodying and expressing it. . . . All living forms . . . are in reality one animal; we and the mosses being part of the same vast person in no figurative sense, but with as much bona fide literal truth as when we say that a man's finger nails and his eyes are parts of the same man. It is in this Person that we may see the Body of God—and in the evolution of this Person, the mystery of His Incarnation."

Butler has somewhere applied to himself the saying of Dante: "This is no book. Who touches this touches a man"; and this effect of direct contact with a fascinating personality, and a sense of traveling widely and living intensely, is produced by almost everything he wrote. He has the power of infinite suggestion, making one feel alive and creative with the high joy of mental stimulation. This is, of course, at his best. He was uneven, and his fondness for verbal cleverness sometimes ran away with him. By dint of expressing truths as paradoxes he sometimes slipped into offering the paradox without the truth. But this is on the whole unimportant. His scientific works are practically free from this defect. The greatest thing about him was his hatred of shams and dogmatisms, his most important contribution as a philosophical idea is the unabsoluteness of truth, the eternal "contradiction in terms," as he calls it, of nature. This was perhaps a rather inadequate expression of a big idea. It was not merely the contradiction in terms but in the realities of nature—the melting boundaries, the continual interpenetration of life and death, the eternal is and is not in everything. Some of his finest aphorisms—and he had a genius for making fine ones—are on the elusiveness of truth. "Truth is like a photographic sensitized plate which is equally ruined by over and under exposure, and the just exposure for which can never be absolutely determined."

In his own life Butler rather splendidly contradicted the effect of compromise and undue moderation that some of his writing suggested. He was himself one of those propa-

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gandists for whom he expressed such hearty contempt, though he eschewed causes and worked as a solitary individual, holding as his sole dogma that the mind must be free from dogma, and as his only formula that there is no formula. In his time he suffered as much neglect, misunderstanding, and misrepresentation as any revolutionist could hope for. He said that one could not appeal both to one's own time and to posterity, and that he preferred the recognition of posterity. For this he consciously worked and hoped, and it looks now as if posterity were deciding to accept him as its own. Though he founded no school and had no disciples (for it would hardly do to call even Bernard Shaw, who has frequently acknowledged his great indebtedness to Butler, and who is so like and so unlike him, a disciple), modern literature is full of Butlerisms; and contemporary thought, while it embraces a great deal that Butler did not touch upon, has yet in most cases taken the direction that he pointed out.

But better than such impersonal survival is the fact that Butler himself is growing familiar to us. That splendid and vivid truthfulness of his, that searching and stirring quality of his mind, his keen rationalism, his brilliant style and inimitable irony, are coming to be recognized as part of the treasure of our inheritance. He is being read and thought and talked about. He is living again in the minds of men and women, helping them to be free, stirring them to laughter and aspiration. This was what he wanted. He has entered upon the only immortality he craved and believed possible,—the immortality which, as he tells us in his sonnet, *The Life After Death,* the dead may find only "on lips of living men."

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TCHEKHOV, AND THE SPIRIT OF THE EAST

BY HELEN McAFEE

EARLY in the great war, Professor Münsterberg was moved to declare—with evident intent to damn—that "culturally Russia is Asia." And since then the anti-Slav critics have found all Russian art, all the Russian writers, tainted with Orientalism. While most of those who have undertaken the task of apologizing for this great nation to its allies or its sympathizers, have vigorously repudiated this charge, I confess that the idea of meeting Professor Münsterberg's attack either by flat denial or by an elaborate attempt to explain it away—thus promulgating a war edition of Russia expurgated in deference to Occidental prejudice—seems to me little short of unfortunate. For one thing, it defeats its own end, and for another, it shows a lack of imagination. It only confirms faith in the fundamental axiom of the Germans that nothing good can come out of the East, and it makes it appear, at least, as if we could not conceive of any virtue in art or society other than our own. Indeed, for purposes of propaganda, there seems to be imminent danger of our having palmed off on us a denatured Russia on top of a Paris moralized to Anglo-Saxon taste.

But to throw down the gauntlet to both sides at once—*is* Orientalism a taint? Is it not, on the contrary, for a nation in Russia's position, an asset which will make, and indeed is already making, her contribution to civilization distinctive as well as preëminent? I am not thinking now of her political life so much as of her intellectual life—her arts, her letters, her philosophy. Unfortunately today, many of the Eastern nations seem unable to bear the weight of their own great traditions. Worse still, they do not appear capable of defending themselves against the encroaching militarism

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and commercialism of the West; witness Japan in the Far and Persia in the Nearer East. What if Russia, with direct access to all parts of the Orient, with the understanding born of propinquity and commingling through many centuries, with her abounding youth and her inexhaustible vitality, were to seize the torch, as it were, from hands no longer able to hold it? And what if she were to preserve and interpret for the world at large ideals which might otherwise perish?

At least once before it has happened, within the memory of man, that a nation has drawn to its advantage upon the resources of both Orient and Occident. Greek civilization has been Anglicized—or Teutonized—by us for so many generations that we have nearly forgotten its Oriental aspects—or had forgotten them until recent archæological discoveries brought them back almost with poignancy. Possibly, that poise of the Hellenic mind which has been the wonder of succeeding ages, and that perfection of Hellenic art which is still so great a mystery, had something to do with the fact that while Greece herself belonged to the West, the life-currents of the East continually flowed over and through her. Will the elements of Occidentalism and Orientalism be fused for the modern world, one might ask, in that great melting pot we call Russia, as they were for the ancient world in Greece? and will the Slav thus attain to a similar preëminence among the peoples of tomorrow?

Many Russians have dreamed this dream. It was the belief of Dostoievsky that Russia's mission was to reconcile the conflicting principles of East and West. In some measure he hoped that his own work might serve to further the great compromise; with the result that it does diverge so widely from purely Western canons that publishers have hesitated until very recently to set it before those of us who live in the Far West. Whatever he may think of it, the most superficial may detect in Dostoievsky's novels the strong Oriental flavor. Someone has remarked that the structure of his plots resembles the architecture of the Tartaresque church of St. Basil in Moscow, with its five or six edifices in one. But formlessness is, after all, largely a negative quality. It is more his profound and sensitive melancholy that marks this Russian writer as the heir of the East.

It would not be difficult, though it might be fatiguing, to point out the working of Oriental forces side by side with

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those of the West in the achievement of many Russians of international fame. The same passionate melancholy that is in Dostoievsky animates much of the Slavic music; and, as in the case of Borodin's *Prince Igor*, with its melodies from Central Asia, Slavic composers have frequently sought inspiration in the Eastern folk music. In the domain of art, Leon Bakst is visualizing for us the decorative riches of the Orient of which Russia can best avail herself, increasing at the same time our own resources. His conception of the *Scheherazade Ballet* is a striking instance of the way in which new life may be breathed into the old forms of the Moslem East.

But to return to the writers of Russia. Unfortunately at best we know them only at second hand, so that certain fundamental Eastern qualities of the medium that serves them all must necessarily escape us. In the Russian literature with which we are most familiar—the work of the great moderns—the Oriental *Einfluss* is not so clearly marked, or so obvious that it calls for formal tracing. It is today not so much a question of definite Eastern sources of matter and manner—for they were long ago assimilated—as of a leavening spirit, a viewpoint that subtly modifies all that is done, all that is said. I have already spoken of Dostoievsky. We can likewise feel the brooding presence of the East in the idealistic melancholy of Turgenev, in the religious mysticism of Tolstoi, in the relentless realism of Gorky. And, once and for all, Goncharov has incarnated it in the world-famous figure of Oblomov, with his constitutional inertia, his genius for passivity.

The Eastern aspects of Russian drama are no less salient than those of the novel, though like the drama, they are less well known to us. Partly for this reason, I would bring up for more detailed consideration certain characteristics of the most engaging figure among modern Russian dramatists —Anton Tchekhov. Partly, too, because he more than any of his fellow-countrymen has been persistently associated with the West—has been nicknamed, in fact, the "Russian de Maupassant." Prince Kropotkin, to be sure, has remarked as if to warn us against taking this association too seriously, that while Tchekhov's nearest relative is Maupassant, "a certain family resemblance between the two writers exists only in a few of their short stories." The likeness is greatest, one comes to think, in stories which are least

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characteristic of Tchekhov—such as *A Work of Art*, or *In the Dark*. But so indigenous are his plays that Russians have despaired of their being appreciated by the outside world. "It is only his stories," said Kropotkin in lecturing to an American audience ten years ago, "which are known beyond Russia. His dramas seem to be too Russian." For just this reason Tchekhov's plays are the more pertinent to a discussion of the Orientalism which is so important an element in the nationalism of Russian art.

It is my purpose merely to throw out a few hints as to the way in which Oriental literary traditions seem to have modified here and there the technique of Tchekhov's dramatic works, and as to the degree to which the Oriental attitude seems to color their atmosphere. I would not insist too strongly or too generally on the application of the suggestion. That would be to reduce it to the level of a formula, quite unfair to the author's work which has many other aspects than those I may chance to mention, and quite unhopeful for that promise I have ventured to recall of the commingling of many diverse elements—Western as well as Eastern—in a great Russian art of the future. But a few instances may be taken as representative of a goodly number that might be cited.

Consider the matter of Tchekhov's dramatic plots. How much less complicated they are than those to which we are accustomed from Shakespeare to Ibsen! Tchekhov's plots are not, to be sure, quite so simple as those of the earlier dramatist Ostrovsky, whom an English critic once accused of a "simplicity which is characteristic of a very tender age in art, somewhat resembling that which marks the dramatic productions of India or China." But there is no elaborate structure of plot and sub-plot—all the *dramatis personæ* are more or less involved all the time in the main business of the play. And this may invariably be reduced to very simple terms.

Again, Tchekhov's plots give decidedly less scope for the sort of physical action that we have associated with the stage; and the events that do occur in his plays in the physical sense are not articulated according to our notions. To an American audience, *The Cherry Orchard* would be absolutely unintelligible as a moving-picture film. Its main "moving" features are the return in the first act of certain members of a family to their ancestral home, the farewell

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dance in the third act which they give in the old ball-room, and at the end the exit of the family from the establishment that is no longer theirs. The auctioning of the property, which might well be the "big act," if the play were a Western melodrama instead of a Russian tragi-comedy, takes place off the stage. A good deal of time in the first half of the play is consumed by intermittent discussions about the selling of the cherry orchard. In the latter half, the characters register somewhat passively the effects of the sale. In all the range of dramatic literature, it would be difficult to find stage entrances or stage exits effected with such naturalness as are those of the owners of the cherry orchard. The way in which people greet each other who have not met for a long time—the confusion that prevails as they jump from subject to subject, their tendency to lapse into mere commonplace trivialities—all is done with admirable fidelity, but with an art that would not be visible on the screen.

This is not to say that nothing ever happens on the stage in Tchekhov's plays. Now and then something does happen with theatrical effect. The hero of *Ivanov* commits suicide before your eyes; and in the play of *Uncle Vanya,* the character of that name in a fit of desperation threatens the life of the crabbed, egotistical old professor, and when baffled, attempts his own. *The Sea Gull* is brought to a sudden close by the ominous report of Constantine's revolver from the next room. These are, indeed, sufficiently dramatic occurrences, and their effect is startling enough. But even so, they are not prepared for by the usual methods—there is none of that deliberate leading up to them step by step which we should expect. No, Tchekhov does not make the most of his suicides according to Western technique. Hence they come with the electric shock of sudden fatalities in real life rather than in the guise of "stage climaxes."

From this it will be inferred that the dramatic strain is not continuous throughout the play. The characters struggle, of course, at times with themselves, at times with each other, and often very vigorously, too. To realize this, one has but to recall the scene in *The Sea Gull,* where the famous actress Arkadina marshals all her emotional powers—and they are very considerable—in an attempt to recover her susceptible lover, Trigorin, from the toils of a new infatuation; or that scene in *The Cherry Orchard* in which Lopakhin against overwhelming opposition tries to persuade the

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owners to take a course of action which will save the estate. But the battle royal of wills or temperaments is never sustained in Tchekhov. His dramatic currents are of the make-and-break order. In his plays there is nothing like the prolonged tension of *Rosmersholm;* nor is the strain ever so unrelieved that he has, like the author of *Macbeth,* to create conscious diversions. On the whole, the psychological action in Tchekhov's plays is insidious—like a fire that runs under ground much of the time, and flames up when least expected. This is, of course, merely being true to the Russian temperament, which has something of the inertia of the Oriental, and something of his passion when he is once aroused.

Still more suggestive of the East is the way in which Tchekhov's *dramatis personæ* assume responsibility for their own conduct. No one of them seems to regard himself as wholly " master of his fate "—whatever may be meant by that high-sounding phrase. Thus the three sisters in the play of that name do their best to carry out their plans, but they have the feeling all the time that something may happen to upset their calculations. And, sure enough, something does happen. The regiment whose presence in their little town is inextricably bound up with their future, is unexpectedly ordered away; and they are left to begin life over again, as it were. I can imagine that a playwright of my own nationality might conceive of the struggle in *The Cherry Orchard* as being between Lopakhin, the hustling, self-made merchant, and the aristocratic family of Madame Ranevsky; of course, in the end Lopakhin would get the property away from the inefficient landed proprietors. Now, this is exactly what does happen in *The Cherry Orchard;* but it is not the way in which our Russian dramatist conceives of the struggle. Indeed, he represents Lopakhin as being on the side of the proprietors. This son of one of their former serfs is forever warning his social superiors of the dangers of their situation, and he advises them loyally to take the only advantageous way out of their difficulty before it is too late. Do they take his advice? Oh no, his scheme bores them to impatience. They would rather wait —like Mr. Micawber—for something to turn up, though, to tell the truth, they have not the sanguine faith in the future that this gentleman had. They simply prefer to leave things for better or for worse in the hands of fate, and, when the worst happens, they accept the outcome with resignation.

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In Tchekhov's plays it is this continual consciousness that superhuman forces dominate the human struggle that gives them much of their peculiar impressiveness.

A good deal has been said about the realistic dialogue of our modern plays beginning with Ibsen. Yet the realism of Tchekhov is evidently something quite different. Like other Russian writers of note, he did not attain realism, nor did he have realism thrust upon him by the theorists—he was born a realist. His freer and easier form of realism is again but a phase of Russia's touch with the East, where every-day speech is still plain and concrete to a degree that is often disturbing to a Westerner. In the Oriental folk plays, the talk usually runs away with the action. This is not true of Tchekhov; yet his own practice presents a significant contrast to that of most Anglo-Saxon playwrights. In the conversation of our typical pieces, each phrase obviously counts in the dramatic economy. Yet in Tchekhov's dialogue, there is room for every sort of digression. People are allowed to tell pointless stories, to ask irrelevant questions, and to reprimand their servants for nothing in particular. Men with fixed ideas are forever harping on their ideas, and men with pet theories air them. In *The Sea Gull,* for example, Constantine, after the failure of his Cubist play, enlarges on how dramas ought to be written, and at another crisis Trigorin, the novelist, tells how he writes his famous stories. Trivialities come up for mention that lead to nothing, and the conversation has a fatality for heading down blind alleys. In one instance, a mirthless anecdote about an opera singer and a church cantor sidetracks the main business of the play into a discussion of the salaries of church cantors. It takes a Russian dramatist certainly to permit a character to break a stage silence with the announcement that her foot has gone to sleep. How different all this is from the realism of *The Doll's House!* It has the effect of making the talk in any Western play one may happen to read after Tchekhov seem curiously stilted.

With slight modification, one might say of these plays, as it has been said of Chinese drama in general, that there "is apparently no attempt at passion or pathos in the language." At any rate, it is true that on occasions which seem to call for emotional expression, Tchekhov's characters speak with an unwonted restraint. Perhaps the most signal instance is the bit of dialogue at the end of *The Sea Gull.*

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There are three persons at the time on the stage—Arkadina, the mother of Constantine; Trigorin, her lover, and a certain Dr. Dorn. The latter, who has just made the tragic discovery that Constantine has shot himself off stage, enters with this facile explanation of the revolver shot:

> It is as I thought, a flask of ether has exploded. (*He sings*)
> "Spellbound once more I stand before thee."
> *Arkadina:* Heavens! I was really frightened. . . .
> *Dorn:* (*Looking through the pages of a magazine, to Trigorin*) There was an article from America in this magazine about two months ago that I wanted to ask you about, among other things. (*He leads Trigorin to the front of the stage*) I am very much interested in this question. (*He whispers*) You must take Madame Arkadina away from here; what I wanted to say was that Constantine has shot himself. (*The curtain falls*)

Clearly the irony of this ending is heightened by the fact that the dialogue is not keyed up with its tragic import, does not rise above the level of ordinary conversation.

But such effects as these have appeared over-subtle to certain of our Western critics, who have doubted their efficacy for the stage, especially in addition to the indifferent maintenance of the dramatic tension. Curiously enough, the same criticism that has been passed by our critics upon the dramatic work of the great Indian poet, Kalidasa, it was once the fashion to pass upon Tchekhov. In Kalidasa's plays, says Professor Arthur A. Macdowell, "the very delicacy of the sentiment combined with a certain want of action renders them incapable of producing a powerful effect on the audience." However, in the case of the Russian, such objections have been largely withdrawn in the face of the notable success of his plays in his native land, and the steady headway they are making on the foreign stage.

Much has been written both in criticism and in defense of Tchekhov's fallen "intellectuals," his defeated heroes like Ivanov, like Constantine—like most of his men who amount to anything. It is not my purpose to take sides in this discussion. I would merely point out that all of them have some half-Oriental heritage. They are philosophers and visionaries, men of ideals and dreams. Yet they are not endowed with that dynamic energy necessary to carry out their programmes. They cannot—or do not—overcome the inertia of the East, and they accept the inevitable with unconcealed fatalism. What Dr. Astrov says in *Uncle Vanya*

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—"Life holds nothing for me"—might have been said by any of them.

As for Tchekhov's women, they have the extraordinary capacity for endurance, the long-suffering patience of their half-sisters of the Orient. Like the men, they struggle ineffectually against their fates, and they, too, are often constrained to admit that they are powerless to combat them. "I feel as if I had been in the world a thousand years," says the Masha of *The Sea Gull,* "and I trail my life behind me like an endless scarf." Of her situation, the professor's wife in *Uncle Vanya* remarks, "It is tedious, yes, and dreary," but she sees nothing to be done about it. Yet not all Tchekhov's women are pessimistic. In this same play the girl, Sonia, hopelessly in love with a man who does not care for her, and wedded to a life of monotonous drudgery, still finds it possible to have faith, "passionate faith," in some hazy millenium. Except that it calls for exertion on the part of the believer, Sonia's philosophy differs little from the Eastern mysticism.

There is something Eastern, too, about the way in which Tchekhov's women express themselves. What an Oriental note Masha strikes in the opening lines of *The Sea Gull,* when her lover asks her why she wears mourning, and she answers: "I dress in black to match my life. I am unhappy!" There is in this reply all that disingenuous frankness of the Eastern woman, so disconcerting to those who have been brought up on the theory of her habitual reserve. Indeed, it presents a peculiarly difficult problem, so different is it from our own openness. For Masha, like the women of the Orient, talks thus freely not of minor, comparatively impersonal things that she sees and does and thinks, but of the major moods that lie behind, which she voices without self-consciousness or theatricality in the simple phrases of childhood. I fear that this sort of self-revelation increases rather than decreases the inscrutability of Tchekhov's women.

But irrespective of sex, the people in Tchekhov's plays are preoccupied with a single problem—the solution of the enigma of existence. "What is the meaning of it all?" is the question that is on the lips of every one of them. "Is there any hope for the future?" For most of his people, as for so many of Turgenev's, life is one prolonged disillusionment. Yet for most of them, too, whether they are quite

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hopeless, or whether they have a vague faith in the prevalence of ultimate good, life is nevertheless worth living. Even if one can never attain to the ideal—and here again we touch the skirts of the mystic East—it is worth while to die in the attempt.

But for us Tchekhov's attitude toward the problem of life is not so significant as the fact that for him the problem is always there. We feel that it is in the background in his plays when it is not actually in the foreground. And it is at this point that his dramas stand in sharpest contrast to our own. "While our Western playwrights," says Mr. Calderon, "confined within the boundaries of the attainable, wage a heavy-handed polemic with social institutions and conventions, the Russians are at grips with the deepest cravings of their inward nature." But are we Westerners interested in these ultimate hopes and fears of the human heart? Perhaps we were not yesterday. In years of plenty when life is safe and comparatively easy, men in our part of the world, at least, do not trouble themselves much about its meaning. Once war breaks out, all is changed. When Death begins to reap his ghastly harvest, then we turn and ask ourselves searchingly what Life is worth. This question has for many reasons always been uppermost in the mind of the Oriental, and he has given us as many answers as there are great religions. To these answers the tragedy of the world war is once more turning people in all countries. And read in the light of the experiences through which we are now passing, I do not believe that the interest focused in Tchekhov's plays on the enigma of existence could be considered a mere "fanciful obsession."

As if to challenge him when he was midway in his career as dramatist, a critic once complained that Tchekhov would not cast off his "twilight manner." He *would* not because he *could* not. For the shadow that fell across his plays was cast by a greater than he—it was the Spirit of the East. Today with his full achievement before us, we are moved rather to cherish that same twilight manner, not only for itself, but also for the pledge it is to us of the great future of Russian literature, which alone of all literatures holds for the modern world the fateful balance between Occident and Orient.

HELEN MCAFEE.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

TWO TRAGIC COMEDIANS[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It was Roger Huncote's notion (although he did not thus phrase it to himself) that literature should keep pace with love. So it is not difficult to understand that when, after an evening spent in reading to his young wife Sue from the poetry of Blake and Herrick and Whitman and Swinburne, she answered to his exalted mood by reciting for him *The Wreck of the Raspberry Jam,* Huncote should have lost his patience, his temper, his manners and, alas, some of his love. For Sue, though her lips showed darkly and tenderly sensuous against the pale honey of her skin; though her eyes were like port when no light shines through it: nevertheless, Sue was (and the fact, as you will see, remained ineluctable) the daughter of a washwoman.

You are to figure them in the drawing-room at Pembroke Square. It is a hot July night. Sue, wrapped in her brooding loveliness, sits in shadow against the bright chintzes on the sofa. There is dusk in the room, interrupted only by a strip of moonlight across the floor, and the shaded lamp, a miniature sun eclipsed by the black shadow of Roger's profile—a fine, English profile, aggressively well-bred, you may be sure. The warm and intimate stillness (a stillness drenched in beauty and vaguely articulate with high thought and subdued emotion) is broken only by Roger's voice: an English voice, the voice of Oxford and of three thousand pounds a year. He is reciting from the masters who are dearest to him. From Blake, for example, he reads:

> Holy and cold, I clipped the wings
> Of all sublunary things. . . .

[1] *The Strangers' Wedding.* By W. L. George. New York: Little, Brown and Company, 1916.

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It had been his plan to lead Sue by easy stages into his own intellectual world: in verse, for instance, they might "begin with Tennyson and then by degrees get on to poetry." But now he had quite forgotten his pupil. Hypnotized by the incantations of the verse he loved, he dragged the bewildered novice through Blake's fantastic and jeweled gateways and into his blinding paradise of terrible angels and anonymous midnight noons. He dipped into Swinburne, and, growing venturesome, into Whitman—Whitman, it is to be feared, in his ungirdled moments: for to Sue, buttressed by the infrangible prudery of her class, this was "not quite proper." But Roger wanted to move her, to make her articulate. He questioned her, probed her reactions, spurred her to comment and response. So Sue responded, finally, by reciting some poetry that she had liked and learned by heart. It was *The Wreck of the Raspberry Jam.* She could not remember it all, but she spoke a bit of it:

> One chap was discoursing on Darwin, and said:
> "The professor was right through and through.
> We *did* spring from monkeys." Another one said:
> "I believe it when I look at *you.*"

Do you wonder that Roger was chilled to his depths, chilled beyond re-kindling? It seemed to him dreadful that she should react in such a way; and he reproached her bitterly for reciting vulgar and cockney verse. It was not only that they differed about poetry; it was not only because they found themselves entirely parted by their tastes: it was because they stood revealed to each other as essential strangers. They faced each other, silent and inimical, incurably at odds: one could not compromise between Blake and *The Wreck of the Raspberry Jam.* To Roger, who thought that spirit and intellect should accord with the transports of love and of the senses, it was a tragedy of horrible seriousness. To Sue, who in these passionate differences saw an assumption of superiority, it was profoundly humiliating; for though she was proud of his superiority, he must not make her aware of it.

Roger, you will perceive, was hardly the man to espouse a daughter of the slums. His parents, says his cool-eyed historian, "gave him a first-class education and he never got over it." He was that fragile product of his class and time—an "intellectual" without tolerance or essential humor, and

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he believed that aesthetic breeding was the root of refinement. Restless, sufficiently rich, nebulously humanitarian, a fastidious voluptuary; an enthusiast who takes up settlement work from the noblest of motives, and yet who winces when he hears a lecturer before the Mutual Improvement Society refer to Carlyle as "the sage of Chelsea": this, clearly, is a young man primed for tragi-comedy.

He should, of course, have been warned by the awful green coat and the still more awful slum hat, swarming with roses, worn by the lovely Miss Groby the day he saw her at the settlement picnic; he should have been warned by the ominous vision of Mrs. Groby, washing blouses and lace in her three small rooms on Paradise Row, St. Panwich's. But he was conscious only of Sue's dark beauty and the dusky intimacy of her, the rich blackness of her hair with the brown shadows in its waves, the sensitive nose, the mellow soft gold of her cheek where the sun touched it through the leaves, the slender hips, the long and fine arms, the young, full breasts that rose and fell with her hurried breathing, pointing to right and left, delicately virginal, reminding him of "a fleeing Diana," and speaking to him more of pathos than of seduction. With parted, upturned lips and an air of supplication, she seemed to him to personify the appeal of her class—the appeal for an enlightenment, a rescue which he might achieve. He was Perseus, and she Andromeda. And later, on their way home in the bus, he saw a quality he had not known before in the softness of her sidelong look—"the love-look, humid and brilliant, shy and gay": a look that made him think that "on a windless night the tide was rising on a sandy beach, the moon shining for a moment through the thin pale waters of a flat wave." For Huncote, as you may already have discerned, was one of those who, as Mr. Meredith has told us in a certain instance, "fiddle harmonics on the strings of sensualism." His reason forced him to remember that Sue was coarse; that she was uneducated; that she was common: but not vulgar, nor cruel, nor insensitive like so many of her class. And he would, and could, reclaim her—he had a glad vision of her with only three roses in her hat instead of twelve: with perhaps, even, just a black aigrette; a Sue with all her "h's" complete; a Sue who no longer said "didn't orter" and "them things." He would take her to the National Gallery—or perhaps they would begin with the Tate. She must read a bit, too, instead

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of merely looking at the pictures in the paper. She should proceed, via Dickens, possibly even unto Meredith. And music . . . beginning with the popular concerts, going on to *Carmen* and the "1812" Overture, and necessarily, too, traversing the sentimental purgatory of *Bohème* (which Roger privately regarded as "embodying the passions of a literary hairdresser"—for he was a very modern young man, and thought himself upon familiar terms with Debussy and Vincent d'Indy and Stravinsky).

And so (in the classic words of the Great Panjandrum) they were married, and went to Biarritz on their honeymoon. Here there were wonderful hours, by turns enkindling and narcotic—hours of linked sweetness long and delicious, when she fired him and delighted him, and yet seemed strange to him; and he pitied her a little: "Sue in Biarritz—what an exile!" (She had wanted to go to Ramsgate). It disturbed him somewhat—disturbed him aesthetically—that one day she developed indigestion. This was a dissonance—indigestion upon one's honeymoon was hardly romantic; and in Sue's case it made her nose red. And she distressed him further by her appetite, as, in imagination, he saw her beauty vanish—until he remembered that all her life she probably had never had quite enough to eat. And yet he loved her very much, his reason and his intuition dream-held by the transfiguring magic of his passion: so that, when they lay in the warm night upon a cliff, and he asked her if she did not think the moon was beautiful ("look how she blushes—is that because I have kissed you and it makes her shy? "), and Sue merely laughed and came closer to him, and murmured: "When she's red like that, it means rain"—even then, though for a moment he was cooled and repelled, he saw something in her eyes that wiped out all intellectual difference; and he stifled his thoughts, and the beginning of a great dread, in the cloudy incense of his passion, seeking uneasily that most treacherous of anesthetics, an erotic hallucination.

But he had married her thinking that between them there were, or would grow up, tastes and sympathies, when there were only caresses. He had not realized that it would seem insupportable to him when a postcard came from Sue's brother showing an oppressed husband carrying triplets and a feeding-bottle, while a gross and angry wife hovered over him with a poker; for when Sue saw it she laughed and seemed unconscious of offence. He had not known how it

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would hurt him, as something cheap and soiling, when, as he kissed her one time, she suddenly held him tight and said: "Let's play lemonade—I'll be the lemon, and you be the squeezer"; for he neither understood nor could tolerate that attitude of the proletariat which regards love as legitimate material for low comedy: he did not understand that "at a word, if he only chose it well, the mask of comedy would fall, and under it he would find the serious mouth and veiled eyes of the love he sought."

Worse, much worse, came after. Sue, while in a state of somnambulism, had stumbled into a new world: she awoke and was lost. "In the new world she found a strange people that ate differently, who had endless clothes for occasions that she could not understand, mysterious games—golfing, hunting . . . strange people indeed." She could not understand why Roger was furious with her when she gave twopence to some furniture movers as a tip for delivering and unpacking a huge chest. She decked herself out for a dinner party with all the rings and necklaces and bracelets she possessed, and then ran upstairs and took them off to spare the feelings of the other women—poorer or less beloved, she thought—who were not thus adorned. She annoyed him, shocked him, mortified him, at every turn. "These little things, they go on all the time," he cried miserably to the perceptive Theresa Underwood (who, being of his own delicately endowed class, was privileged to permit him to make love to her); "it seems so small, but it goes on and on: little bits of shame, little bits of irritation, little bits of despair falling upon our marriage like the drops of water that wear away a stone" (though how the fastidious Roger could have brought himself to use so trite and banal a figure as that is not to be comprehended; is Oxford in distress capable of achieving a bourgeois simile?)

Toward the end you see them in a moment full of desperate passion, of tragic irony. It was after one of their last quarrels, and she had crept late into his bed, where they lay in each other's arms "unquestioning, unexplaining, breast to breast with mingled breaths; yet they clasped between them a shadow that watched them. They could see it as they clasped and kissed,—the shadow of despair, daunting and cold. They hated it, seeing it so well, and for its despite they clasped closer. . . They were violent, they were anxious; but in their extremity, at the crest of their delight,

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when speech ceded to murmurs, a doom hung over their achieved embrace. It was the love-making of two people who did not love each other any more. . .''

It was not long after this that even their desire for one another died. Their passion became merely a traditional gesture. She, who had given what she could, knew that he had never been her companion—that now he was not even her mate. She realized that, and said to herself: "I'm all alone." You end by hoping that Huncote's tutelage had not led her quite to that point of cultural adventure where she must have encountered Mr. Yeats and his *Shadowy Waters*, and that she was spared the reading of that bitter, that desperately myopic, plaint of Forgael's:

> The love of all under the light of the sun
> Is but brief longing, and deceiving hope,
> And bodily tenderness. . . .

The beautiful, betraying rhetoric could hardly have compensated to her for the sorrowful aptness with which it might have seemed to her to explain her case.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

AMERICANISM: WHAT IS IT? By David Jayne Hill. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1916.

It is an extremely simple setting forth of fundamental ideas that Dr. Hill has given us in his little book about the true nature of Americanism. The volume has, in fact, the merits of a good text-book—plainness, a methodical treatment, an avoidance of obscuring side-issues. But if Dr. Hill's treatise is elementary enough to prompt the thought that it might be studied with profit by high-school students or young men in college, it is by the same token profound enough to claim the attention of every thoughtful citizen of the United States. The usefulness of such a book is obvious. This is a time of unformulated or ill-formulated discontent, of questionings concerning laws and institutions, of distrust of principles. The disposition is to adopt a wholly pragmatic attitude—to experiment and to place trust in what for the time seems to "work." The danger, indeed, is not that men tend to think "progressivly," to experiment, to innovate, but that in so doing they may sacrifice the truth that has already been achieved. It is to the truth that we have achieved and put into practice here in America—to American democracy as the best solution that the human mind has ever reached of the problem of government *vs.* liberty—that Dr. Hill forcibly recalls our minds. So clearly has he defined the essential principles of Americanism, so ably does he defend them from the usual sort of attack, that even the radically minded reader, though he may be unwilling to believe that in theory democracy represents the final stage in the application of reason and ethics to government, is fairly forced to admit that not in subversive experiment but in the working out of democracy to its complete fulfillment lies our salvation.

May there be a further stage in the evolution of government? Will it ever be possible to write into the fundamental law of the land more of the moral law than is embodied in "equality?" In short, will anything like a Socialistic state ever be realized? These are questions upon the consideration of which Dr. Hill in this book hardly enters. To answer them fully is not his present business. It is from the obvious rightness of the "American idea" that he

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argues—the idea that "there are certain rights and liberties which should *never* be subject to abridgement by law, and that encroachments upon these rights and liberties by a portion—even by a majority—of the people, or by any government they might establish, should be, through a superior and permanent law, declared illegal." If anything may be clearly seen from a study of history, or of the present state of the world, it is that right and reason—not the arbitrary will of any majority or of any government—are the guides to the happiness and prosperity of a people. We as a people have bound ourselves in a peculiar way to observe the moral law, or a part of it, and few of us when the question is squarely put to us, will profess ourselves willing that the obligation should be abolished or relaxed.

It may be that in taking his stand firmly, as he does, upon the ground of " natural " or " inherent " rights, Dr. Hill may lay himself open in the minds of some readers to the charge of dogmatism. There is, in truth, opportunity for the expenditure of much subtlety upon the meaning of these expressions. The evolutionary view, moreover, seems, as usual, to open a way for further speculative advance, to leave an opportunity for the constructors of Utopias. The truth is, however, that the application of " Darwinism " to life is a somewhat uncertain venture. Evolution explains much, but when we endeavor consciously to live by it we are liable to go astray. It would seem that we best co-operate with the Divine plan, not by endeavoring to anticipate it—not by doing wrong that good may come—but simply by trying to do right. Now the strength of Dr. Hill's reasoning consists not in a philosophic analysis of rights but in a convincing proof that anti-constitutional proposals involve the violation or weakening of that right and reason which we have already established: all aim at substituting the absolutism of a majority, or of a government, for the principle of justice as formulated in the idea of inherent rights. Opposition to the American idea is, to be sure, rather vague, but it is not on that account harmless, though it may be well-meaning. Lack of a principle may be as fatal as want of principles—confused thought as injurious as unwillingness to abide by the truth. Rights formerly held to be inalienable are now being called into question—the right, for example, to transmit property by inheritance, and the right of the individual to possess more than a certain limited amount of wealth. But " no one has ventured to draw the line at a definite point either as respects possession or inheritance; or indicated any principle upon which the line could be drawn, where it should begin, or where it should end. The one thing most certain is that it would not end where it began."

It becomes apparent that democracy, the American idea, furnishes us with a moral and practical standard and test—as other theories, or half-theories, do not. It also gives us something to fight for—something quite as definite, quite as easy for a plain man to

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grasp and hold by, as the idea of a quasi-personal state. Just how thought that is truly democratic "works," may be well seen in Dr. Hill's exposition of the truth that a state must defend its citizens. "If natural rights do not exist," he pointedly asks, "if rights are what the majority pleases to make them, without restriction, why may not a few unfortunate citizens be consistently sacrificed for the good of the country? Why should the contented and prosperous people of the United States—a hundred millions of them —be menaced with the risks and costs of war in defending the alleged rights of a paltry hundred American men, women, and little children, shot through and blown to fragments, or drowned without even an attempt at rescue, when innocently sailing upon the high seas on a non-combatant vessel?"

But the ideal of democracy is not merely national in scope; it is, or may become, cosmopolitan. In aiming at world-peace through nationality—and certainly peace will never come through an attempt to disregard nationality—every one inevitably looks in the direction of democracy, of the American idea. The present time, when imperialism, the antithesis of democracy, is in one form or another so destructively rampant in the world, seems a poor time in which to talk of subverting or weakening the American principle.

Dr. Hill's logic appears unanswerable; his exhortations direct us not indeed toward the immediate realization of the millenium, but toward such action as will lead toward the most widespread and the most attainable good. The way of democracy is the way of justice, and perhaps the way of evolution as well. One lays down the book with the feeling that if we may ever rightly acquiesce in the modification of the American idea in the interests of a supposedly higher truth, this truth must be taught us in a new fashion and by a higher authority than we have yet recognized.

A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. By Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1916.

There are two ways of studying a human situation: you may content yourself with an investigation of facts and figures and interrelations, or you may make yourself a part of the situation itself, put yourself in the place of the various actors in it and try to feel with them. It is usually only in this latter way that the fullest sense of conviction is reached. The bare facts of a situation need to be clothed with feeling—the flesh and blood of experience—before seeming natural and real. We may read of monstrosities and atrocities, of beauties and heroisms, without being much moved—that is to say without being really convinced; for conviction is something that produces action or a tendency toward it. It is not that we are, or ought to be, swayed by appeals to passions or prejudice, but that we

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are inevitably most influenced by the complete presentation of experience to which feeling—the intimate reaction of the individual to his world—supplies the clue and the stamp of belief. The statistician cannot teach us what the novelist teaches; the geometrician cannot tell us what the artist tells; the philosopher cannot express the truths latent in the words of the poet or the strains of the musician. And it is to the gifted memoir-writers—the clear, knowing, and sensitive personalities—that the historian finally has to turn for his interpretations, other than economic, for his knowledge of " the imponderables." It is through them that he gets *close* to the facts.

Mexico has been on the whole ill interpreted to Americans. It is the unlifelike, the unsympathetic—or sometimes the merely romantic—aspects of the Mexican scene that have chiefly been brought to our attention. Mexico, the land of revolutions, the land of barbarisms, the land of unexploited wealth, the land of monstrosities and inconsistencies is what we have generally seen through the medium of the printed page. It is no wonder, then, if the whole Mexican situation has seemed to some Americans simply a hopeless, irrational hodge-podge, in which one " policy " might conceivably be as good as another, and the others merely an affair of ignorance and criminality requiring intervention for the sake of punishment. What we have needed is a close—not necessarily a detailed—view of the facts,—that we may see and feel the human realities of the case, that we may have a " realizing sense " of the hopes and practical views of " those responsible," as well as of their faults and failures; that we may grasp the fact that with all its defects, there is, or was, a Mexican Nation, which suffered through American misunderstanding, American ineptitude, American half-measures.

Such a view is given us by Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy in her vivid, day-to-day narrative, *A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico*. As the wife of the American *chargé d'affaires* at Mexico City, the author was at the storm-center of the negotiations and at the most favorable point for seeing and understanding the situation as a whole. She saw things " from a big angle," and she writes not of events and conditions, here, there, and everywhere, but of the Mexican drama in its unity, as it unfolded itself in a series of nerve-trying crises, providential dispensations, and sad disappointments during the thrilling period between October 8, 1913 and April 23, 1914. The narrative, written without thought of publication, is founded on a series of letters from Mrs. O'Shaughnessy in Mexico City to her mother in the United States. Its genuineness, its first-hand quality, are unmistakable. The author has manifestly no axe to grind, no pose to maintain, no self-appointed literary task to get through. Possessing the imagination to see things in the large, the sympathy to understand the prevalent tone of feeling, the perspective and the tolerance that come of acquaintance with the great world, she shows anomalous facts against a background of normal and pleasant life—

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or at least of normal and pleasant possibilities; she writes of Mexico and Mexicans with "sweet reasonableness," with fellow-feeling, as well as with caustic criticism or real evils.

To one who wishes to understand the Mexican problem as it appeared to intelligent people "on the inside," to one who sincerely desires to know how our Mexican policy inevitably appeared to those whom it directly affected—to the Mexicans themselves and to the representatives of other Powers—to one who cares to become *en rapport* with the personalities concerned in the situation, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's book will be an invaluable bringer of light.

"Mexico is going to her downfall, and it seems as if she must be nearly there," wrote Mrs. O'Shaughnessy in December, 1913. "It is very sad to us, who are on the ground. I never witnessed, before, the strangling of a country, and it is a horrible sight." The strangling of a country is indeed what the story depicts, and the nature of the process becomes clear through many intimate touches, impressive because unmistakably sincere. "Come in immediately," cried our despairing Mexicans, "and clear up this impossible situation, or leave us alone." Moheno, Minister of Foreign Affairs, later echoed the cry. "My God!" he exclaimed. "When are you going to intervene? You are strangling us by this policy." Huerta himself consistently maintained that his one idea was the pacification of Mexico, and he did everything possible through Mr. O'Shaughnessy, to conciliate the United States, the value of whose friendship, or indifference, he well knew. Sympathy for Huerta is, perhaps, an emotion which the reader of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's book will hardly expect to feel; but he will find sympathy hard to withhold from this shrewd, deep man, to all appearances not avaricious, to all appearances striving for peace and order, heavily burdened, cruelly handicapped. Certainly Huerta seems to shine by contrast with such men as Villa and Zapata. As for Carranza, says the author in one of her earlier letters, he "has none of the ability of Huerta and none of his force," but he "has had the luck to strike a convincing note with his long whiskers and generally venerable aspect, imitated by all his followers so far as nature allows. Those who have watched Carranza's long career, say that a quiet, tireless, sleepless greed has been his motive force through life." First and last, there is plenty of plain-speaking in this book of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's, but there is no appearance of bias; there is simply the clear acute presentation of general, or individually important, opinion, stated as such, or the simple record of personal knowledge.

In the portraiture of personalities, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy reveals an unusual gift. The notable men sketched throughout her book in friendly and informal manner—John Lind, Admiral Fletcher, Sir Lionel Carden, Admiral Sir Christopher Craddock (to mention a few of those whose names are most familiar) and many others of various nations, are drawn with an address that well conveys their distinctive

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traits, their personal charm. We meet strong personalities in this narrative and we know that they are strong. It is seldom, in a book, that one is introduced to men of note in a manner so acceptable to oneself and also to the celebrities. But the most memorable portrait in the book is that of Huerta; it is historic. The impression which the author leaves upon one's mind of this man "of strange Indian psychology," with his imperviousness and his sympathy, his clear thoughts and his ineptitudes, his sense of justice and his political shrewdness, is indelible. The whole book is tremendously convincing, but the portraiture of Huerta is the most convincing part of it.

It is an engrossing story that Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has written of the crisis in Mexico and of its aftermath, the occupation of Vera Cruz. It is a story tense with anxiety, sober with responsibility, cheerful with wit. And there is not a touch of landscape painting, or of character-drawing, nor a personal detail in the narrative that does not in some measure help the reader to truer understanding of, and a juster feeling for, Mexico. The book quite wonderfully enables one to see and feel "just how things were."

WHAT IS COMING? By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

There are undoubtedly a large number of persons in the United States who are addicted to reading the books of H. G. Wells. Few modern writers in the field of abstract thought have fascinated so large a body of intelligent readers as has this brilliant Englishman. One reason for this is fairly obvious. Mr. Wells's style is original and wholly unmannered; it is clear, manly, and peculiarly vivid. His expressions of his views are therefore in an unusual degree refreshing. This is especially true of certain parts of *What Is Coming?*—the recently published book by Mr. Wells which the author calls a European forecast. It is true, for instance, of the passages in criticism of the peace movements, and of the whole attack upon petty "individualism" and "localism" contained in the chapter upon "Braintree and Bocking, and the Future of the World." It is like Mr. Wells to say that "there are many more people, and there is much more intelligence concentrated upon the manufacture of cigarettes or hairpins than there is upon the establishment of a permanent world peace," and to describe the formal peace movement as "quite amateurish." It must be said, moreover, that these remarks of his are often not only effective but surprisingly clarifying. Scarcely any one can read any of this author's writings without at least acquiring clearer and more picturesque conceptions of some things.

But there is another reason for the fascination that Mr. Wells exercises over his readers: he is a prophet and an uncommonly suc-

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cessful one. He foresaw the use of automobiles and of aeroplanes when both were considered impracticable; in the book *Anticipations*, published in 1900, he described trench warfare and a deadlock almost exactly upon the lines of the situation after the battle of the Marne. He has been proved right in his doubt of the supposed decadence of France, and in his denial (before the Russo-Japanese war) of the greatness of the power of Russia. He has been fortunate in his estimates of the value of battleships and of submarines. He quite remarkably hit the truth in foretelling that Belgium would be the battleground in a struggle between the mid-European Powers and the rest of Europe.

Mr. Wells differs from other thinkers who deal in cause and effect simply in the fact that, making use of an imagination trained to invent along lines of probability he projects his thought more daringly into the future than do most, with the result that he sometimes seems to attain views of superior breadth and clearness while he never fails to stimulate intellectual curiosity. He is a thinker of unusual scope and conceptual clearness who is able to give to his novels the interest of treatises and to his disquisitions the intriguing character of scientific fairy-tales.

Speculation upon what will happen after the war, however, has not been confined to Mr. Wells. The subject has been considerably dealt with by writers who make no particular pretensions to prophecy. The author is no longer proclaiming to an incredulous world the possibility of aerial navigation or predicting other unforeseen changes: he is attempting to describe effects which every one in a general way has foreseen. Under these circumstances Mr. Wells appears as a no less credible, but as a somewhat less surprising prophet than formerly—though the peculiar interest which belongs to his vein of prophecy remains.

An "inconclusive peace," thinks Mr. Wells is not to be dreaded; on the contrary he believes that in it lies the possibility of a world-federation, since in the face of a formidable league of the Central Powers, it becomes simply madness for the other nations to think of settling their differences by war. The war, however, will be continued to a point of economic exhaustion on the part of all the combatants—a condition favorable to reasonableness. The last phase of the struggle will be one in which "each group of nations will be most concerned, no longer about victory or conquest, but about securing for itself the best chances of rapid economic recuperation and social reconstruction." The forces of collectivism will be strengthened. Europe will take a long step toward socialism. "There will arise there does even now arise, in this strange scaffolding of national munition factories and hastily nationalized public services, the framework of a new economic and social order based upon national ownership and national service." Of the two really effective forces in British political life, the lawyer-politician and the Press, the

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former, it may be hoped may be aroused to wider understanding, the latter rendered more responsible. As for women, they will be "much more definitely independent of their sexual status, much less hampered in their self-development, and much more nearly equal to men, than ever before in the history of mankind." Mr. Wells considers the redrawing of the map of Europe conservatively, not very conclusively, but with many interesting suggestions. In a rather disappointing chapter that involves America, he lays chief stress upon the possibility that the United States, France, Britain, and Russia may be drawn into a closer understanding chiefly through the publication of a series of books printed according to a phonetic system that would make it easier for each of the people concerned to acquire the languages of the others—an educational enterprise in which the United States may be expected to take the lead. With regard to the foreign possessions, both civilized and barbaric, which are now held by the various Powers, "the path of safety," Mr. Wells believes, "lies in the direction of pooling them and of declaring a common policy of progressive development leading to equality." Like most sensible people, Mr. Wells looks forward to the eventual reconciliation of Germany with the rest of the world, and he interestingly describes the stages which may occur in the gradual change of German public opinion.

Some of Mr. Wells's views are not unfamiliar; others are strongly colored with socialistic desires. But the shrewd, plausible, imaginative, and hopeful way in which these views are set forth makes the book *What Is Coming?* a most enjoyable and suggestive discussion of post-war problems.

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CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

NOBODY BUT—

(*From the Washington Star*)

SPEAKING of prophets. Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is not, and should not be, without honor in his own country. He has scored twice in half a dozen years in a matter of the greatest national importance. A record which deserves the bays.

His first success was with Mr. Wilson, at that time President of Princeton University. It was he who first directed attention to Mr. Wilson as a probable political quantity, and urged him for preferment by the Democratic party. Soon he began booming him for the Governorship of New Jersey as a stepping stone to the Presidency of the United States. The governorship reached, the play for the higher place at once began, and Colonel Harvey led it. In fact, he became so prominent in it—so conspicuously the leading sponsor for Mr. Wilson—that the latter, yielding to some protests from anti-Harvey quarters, called him off in a way so brusque that Henry Watterson, who was present, was all but paralyzed.

Nevertheless, Colonel Harvey continued to predict Mr. Wilson for the Democratic nomination for President, and after his nomination, predicted his election.

But Mr. Wilson as President failed to come up to Colonel Harvey's idea of what the office and the opportunity called for, and the Colonel, although a good Democrat, cooled toward him.

When the Hughes movement appeared it attracted attention in both Republican and Democratic circles. Here was something out of the ordinary. Would it, or could it, win? Many politicians puzzled over the problem. There were many difficulties to be surmounted, and the man himself was not, and would not become, a candidate.

Colonel Harvey looked the situation over. A Democrat, he yet felt so strongly about the drift of things he noted the tide for Hughes, and several months ago predicted his nomination. As he put the matter in the leading article in the May number of his publication, he could see that nobody wanted Hughes but the people.

It so turned out. The politicians did not nominate Mr. Hughes. They simply obeyed at Chicago a popular sentiment which had become irresistible. They could not ignore it. All conferences were futile. There was nothing to the situation but Hughes. All roads led to him. The people wanted him. And so he was nominated; and there are many prominent Democrats in agreement with Colonel Harvey about the significance of the result. Some, too, may join him in supporting the nominee.

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(*From the Newburgh Journal*)

There is much in the remark of Colonel Harvey that "Nobody is for Hughes—but the People." Before the convention Mr. Hughes attended strictly to his work on the bench. He said nothing, he appointed no managers and he had no publicity bureaus. No one knew his views on pressing questions of the day, and yet he simply swamped the convention. Neither favorite sons, nor combinations, nor bosses could prevail against him because public sentiment was manifestly for him, and Mr. Hughes, more than any other candidate in recent years, is an expression of the people's choice. The people trusted Mr. Hughes on his proved record of public service. They knew him and they wanted him, and no man ever secured a stronger vote of the confidence of the people than Mr. Hughes in the Republican convention. Mr. Hughes owes his nomination to no faction and he is under obligation to no boss or leader. What he got he got from the people and he is answerable to them only.

And already in these early days of the campaign, it is apparent that the people made no mistake in selecting Mr. Hughes. He has entered the campaign betimes and with tremendous energy. His brief note accepting the nomination is an evidence of his vigor of thought and action. His telegram to the Republican National Committee was worth a barrel of keynote speeches. It hit the mark and shook the Democratic party and awoke it rudely from its dream of a walk-over. The Wilson party, which had looked forward complacently to an easy campaign with T. R. in the field as an ally, now know that with Hughes leading the reunited Republican party they have a real fight on their hands with the odds against them.

Mr. Hughes supplemented his statement by declaring himself for an out and out Americanism and absolutely nothing else. He has begun well and the impress which his vigorous utterances has made on the country is unquestionably strong. The wisdom of the choice of the people in choosing Mr. Hughes to loose the Democratic grip on the country is already proved. He is far and away the best man that the opposition to the Democratic party could pick.

(*From the Augusta Chronicle*)

We are beginning to have almost a superstitious respect for the political foresight—not, necessarily, meaning to say judgment—of that journalistic genius, Colonel George Harvey.

For, as far back as eight or ten years ago, he began to tout Woodrow Wilson as the 1912 nominee of the Democratic party, as well as the next President; and, in spite of all the signs to the contrary, he did more than any other one man, or one thousand men, to lift the professor from the classic shades of Princeton into the White House; not, however, forgetting Brother Bryan's timely aid at Baltimore.

And now he has gone and done it again; at least, to the extent of picking, long in advance, the 1916 nominee of the Republican party. Some six or eight weeks ago, the *Chronicle* reproduced, practically in full, Colonel Harvey's cocksure prediction of Hughes as the Republican standard bearer for this year of grace; and we were sorely tempted to win some money for ourselves on the strength of his advice—but we felt that this would be taking advantage of inside knowledge.

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And it has come to pass as written in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW —and on the third ballot, at that. A certain feeling of temerity forbids us to look back and see whether this possessor of occult political knowledge predicted, also, Mr. Hughes' election—as he did in the case of Mr. Wilson the last time—but respect for his genial personality and confidence in his more or less democratic qualities prompt us to believe that he refused to go that far.

However, the fact remains that this man who picked Wilson to win also picked Hughes—and there seems something positively uncanny about it. Fact of the matter is, there is something uncanny about Harvey, anyway—his glasses, for one thing. Perhaps they enable him to see further into a political situation than is permitted to most of us who wear merely glasses of normal size and setting.

And yet, having picked Hughes, there is no particular reason for the latter to fall out with him about it—or for any of us to do so. Which same we leave to Colonel Henry Watterson to say if there is.

(*From the New Orleans Item*)

If Mr. Hughes be elected President, Colonel George Harvey will have qualified as the most reliable political prophet since the days when insurgency broke all the rules, upset the "dope," and sent the card indices clattering into the waste paper baskets of many a campaign headquarters. Far be it from us to snatch a single leaf from the laurels of our home-grown prophet, Norman Walker. But Mr. Walker had an even break at close range in our primary of last January.

Colonel Harvey gave Roosevelt 314 electoral votes in 1904; and Roosevelt got 336. He gave Taft 338 in 1908, and Taft got 321.

Mr. Wilson was still an uncertainty as Governor of New Jersey when Colonel Harvey picked him as the successful candidate of the Democrats. How did the Colonel know T. R. would split the Republican party? Ask him. It was eighteen months before the election of 1912 that the Colonel made Dr. Wilson President. Six or seven weeks before the election he cut Taft down to Utah and Vermont, and that is all Taft got.

Now the Colonel names Mr. Hughes for us. He gave him the nomination long ago. Will the Colonel qualify as aforesaid?

(*From the Harrisburg Telegraph*)

In his keen analyses of political conditions and his prophetic conclusions regarding the thought and purpose of the American people, Colonel George Harvey occupies a unique position among the great editors of the country. In the May issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, its brilliant editor correctly diagnosed the situation in its relation to the distinguished personalities involved in the speculation as to the Republican National Convention, indicating the tremendous trend toward Justice Hughes and the inevitable choice of the eminent jurist as the party's standard bearer. Upon the eve of the convention, in the June number of his magazine, Colonel Harvey further emphasized his conviction by predicting the nomination of Justice Hughes upon the second ballot. That was substantially correct, although the formal choice was not made until the third roll call.

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Thus the mantle of the prophet falls comfortably upon the shoulders of the magazine editor who has established a remarkable record for accuracy in foreshadowing the outcome of political campaigns. With such regularity has he named the winner since 1904 that political leaders must hereafter invoke his assistance in charting their course.

Turning from the candidate whose selection has confirmed the correctness of his vision, Colonel Harvey now says the main issue of the campaign this year is America; that all other issues fade into insignificance. Hear him:

"There is no exaggeration in saying that this is the one supreme issue, the only one worth thinking or caring about in this year's campaign. It is no question of this party or of that party; but of America. It is no question whether this candidate or that candidate is the most available; but of America. It is no question of this petty principle or of that picayune policy; but of America. The question of robust, unwavering, unhyphenated and fully prepared Americanism is the one by which every candidate is to be tested in an acid test. It is the one upon which every party convention will be expected unequivocally to declare itself."

Colonel Harvey has justified his reputation as the country's leading political prophet and pre-eminent diagnostician.

(*From the Parkersburg News*)

When one of the most militant and effective pens in America, the one propelled by Colonel George Harvey, wrote some weeks ago that "Nobody wants Hughes—but the people," he struck a chord whose undying resonance is now being proved by the echoes from the Republican national convention.

The nomination of Justice Hughes provides the most concrete instance in American history of the office seeking the man, cornering him and probably capturing him. Justice Hughes' friends always have understood that his highest ambition was to serve his country on the Supreme bench. They knew that he was loath to leave it and become a candidate before the people, even for the most exalted post at the disposal of any electorate. But his record of service that bespeaks the pre-eminent qualities of the man, his seclusion from all the internal battles of the Republican party, made him the only man available from every viewpoint as the standard bearer.

Only one objection was interposed. His stand on the questions that recently have become vital to the American people was not known. Now that his stand has been given in his telegram accepting the nomination, "It is your right to summon and it is my paramount duty to respond," there remains no question that he is the ideal man to be supported by all Republicans as their candidate for the Presidency.

The Republican party has delved deep into its resources and chosen its very best man. There is ground for the statement of the New York *World*, the key-giver of Administration newspapers, that the selection of Justice Hughes is the highest compliment that could be paid to President Wilson. But it should be noted that the nomination was not made by any one man, or any small group of men. It resulted from the definite and sweeping conviction animating the great body of Republicans that Justice Hughes is the one living American qualified to reunite the party, lead it to victory, and give the country the kind of service in the Presidency that it must have if its position among the nations is to be maintained.

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(*From the Syracuse Post-Standard*)

Colonel Harvey, the shrewd and prophetic, visited the two national conventions, observed the proceedings within and without the halls, and, returning, sat him down to meditate. His meditations he sets forth for our delight and education in the magazine which was for nigh a hundred years the most ponderous in America and which he has by his irreverent humor made popular.

The Colonel finds that both conventions were worthy. He is sure that they nominated the strongest men. He knows that they reflected the will of the people. He reports for our consolation that the country will be safe with the election of the nominee of either of them. But he hastens to correct a common error, which sees likenesses more clearly than differences:

"We doubt," he says, "if there exist in America two men, descended from the same stock, reared in like environments and educated by a substantially uniform process, who bear slighter resemblance, one to the other, temperamentally, constitutionally or morally, than Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes."

To those who observed closely and critically the conduct of Mr. Hughes as Governor of New York and who have observed with equally dispassionate care the conduct of Mr. Wilson as President, these differences are clear enough. When, therefore, Colonel Harvey promises that he will "adventure in due time" an analysis of "their distinguishing traits by way of contrast," we anticipate a critical judgment that will prove enlightening and helpful. When he adds that in his proposed catalogue of resemblances and differences he expects to find that the "ultimate issue will be Character," we have a forecast of a contrast which is, indeed, quite important. If we may borrow a word from the President's vocabulary, we should say it is very important.

(*From the Minneapolis Journal*)

As a guesser of candidates, Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, has clairvoyance of the first order. He saw Presidential timber in Mr. Wilson, while the latter was head of Princeton, and, with the political experience and fortune of former Senator James Smith of New Jersey to back the campaign, Colonel Harvey turned a college president into a governor by way of grooming him for the Presidency.

After he had become thoroughly acclimated to Washington, Mr. Wilson forgot Senator Smith altogether, and after the Henry Watterson affair had some difficulty in remembering Colonel Harvey. There was a sort of reconciliation, but at its highest temperature, it was not much more than tepid, and it soon cooled. Therefore, it was not surprising that Colonel Harvey, after the Vera Cruz fiasco and after the war in Europe broke out, should find himself moved to repudiate the President's foreign and Mexican policies.

Then Colonel Harvey cast the presidential horoscope. So far as the Republicans were concerned, he could see nothing but Hughes. That was some time ago. Colonel Harvey will go down in history as the great American political prophet—unless he tries prophesying too frequently.

(*From the Burlington Hawkeye*)

After the nomination of Mr. Hughes it was claimed by Democrats and certain elements of the Progressives that the Republican "bosses" had been

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defeated; that they did not want Hughes but had to acquiesce in that which they could not avert. That may be a purblind way of looking at it, but why not let it go at that? George Harvey, it will be remembered, in a pre-convention article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, extensively quoted, uttered the witticism: "Nobody wants Hughes—but the people." Well, the people had their own way and now Republicans, Progressives, Independents and Democrats want Hughes and are frankly saying so.

That which the people earnestly want they will have—if they unite in promoting their desires. The majority of the voters were divided in 1912, with the sequence that the minority elected the President and secured the control of Congress This year the majority is united and is being reinforced by accessions from the Democratic minority. The result in November is obvious.

(*From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch*)

This year—to quote Colonel Harvey—"Nobody wanted Hughes but the people." The "Old Guard" didn't want him; but they wanted Roosevelt still less. So they made a wry face and took their medicine.

Under the lead of Colonel Roosevelt the Progressive party had triumphed. He saw that fact and was a great enough man to refuse the Progressive nomination and to give hearty and enthusiastic support to Mr. Hughes, receiving, as he deserved, a most hearty recognition from the latter.

Thanks to William J. Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt, a new democracy faces a new republicanism in this year's campaign. As Uncle Sam says in an independent cartoon, "I'm proud of you both. Now for a good, square fight."

(*From the Lyons Republican*)

George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is certainly a political prophet. Four years ago he picked out Woodrow Wilson as the man who would be nominated on the Democratic ticket and elected President. His prophecy was fulfilled. This year he picked out Charles E. Hughes as the man who would be nominated on the Republican ticket and elected President. His prophecy is sure to be fulfilled. But let us hope that his choice this time was better than it was four years ago. That it is no intelligent man doubts.

(*From the Dallas Times*)

"Nobody Wants Hughes—except the people," said Colonel George Harvey in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW some months ago.

And up to the present time they have been successful in getting what they want. There always remains the question of whether or not the people will next November turn out to be in the majority—but that is another story.

Hughes was certainly not the first choice of the bosses. Quite possibly they did not want him at all. Whether his nomination will turn out to be a genuinely popular one remains to be seen.

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

Mr. Harvey's declaration, "Nobody wants him—but the people" gave the probably inevitable Hughes boom its first positive emphasis, and it

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is a singular illustration of the vagaries of life that the same man who started Wilson on his way to the White House should be Harvey, who now starts Hughes on the way to follow him there. Few are our President-makers. Mr. Harvey is a unique and distinguished figure.

(*From the London Shipping World*)

Following a reading of Colonel Harvey's remarkable article entitled "Nobody for Hughes," which appeared in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for May, we became convinced that Mr. Justice Hughes would probably be nominated as candidate for the Presidency by the Convention of the Republican party summoned to meet at Chicago on Thursday, June 8. The chain of evidence linked up by Colonel Harvey seemed perfect.

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

George Harvey in his breezy NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW started Wilson as a Presidential possibility. This went on until Wilson had to tell Harvey to let up; Harvey's nearest friends were so near to Wall Street that such support was dangerous. Mr. Harvey let up, but he didn't retire. On the contrary, he is the man who started the Hughes boom.

(*From the Barre Times*)

An expectant people would like to hear Colonel George Harvey's prophecy about Charles E. Hughes' chances for the Presidency. Surely the gift of prophecy has not deserted the transplanted Vermonter at this stage of the proceedings. Long ago he named Hughes as the Republican nominee. What about the election?

(*From the Bookseller*)

Colonel George Harvey's prediction of Justice Hughes' nomination for President by the Republican party, which appeared in the May number, may at this time be offered as further evidence of this distinguished editor's wonderful ability to analyze political conditions and to forecast their results.

(*From the Financial World*)

Four years ago Colonel Harvey picked Wilson and this year he picked Hughes. The Colonel is a good political picker.

(*From the Gary Times*)

By George! If Colonel Harvey of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW hasn't picked another Presidential candidate.

(*From the Rochester Democrat-Chronicle*)

It was Colonel Harvey who said "nobody wants Hughes but the people," and at Chicago the people had their way.

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MEXICO

(*From the Minneapolis Tribune*)

The imminence of hostilities inevitably exhumes the political corpse of Huerta and revives the question as to whether his political execution was wise. It may safely be predicted that the ghost of Huerta will stalk the country as one of the most conspicuous figures in the coming election. And this silent ghost will perhaps be the most effective and eloquent speaker who will take the stump against the re-election of the President.

On another column, the *Tribune* reprints from THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW some of the appeals which Mr. George Harvey made to Mr. Wilson while there was still time to recognize Huerta. Colonel Harvey, who is probably the most far-sighted political prophet in the United States today, and who, incidentally, predicted the election of Mr. Wilson at a time when nobody else took him seriously—Colonel Harvey long ago declared that unless Huerta was recognized just such a war as we are confronted with today would be upon our hands.

In December, 1913, nine months after the President had gone into office, Mr. Harvey asserted that the policy of non-recognition of Huerta was a demonstrated mistake and urged Mr Wilson to reverse his course of "unworkable imperialism" while there was still time.

Four months later, in April, 1914, Colonel Harvey made an impassioned appeal to the President "to save Mexico—to save his party—to save himself" by acknowledging his blunder and recognizing Huerta before Mexico was plunged into anarchy and the United States into war. The President did not see fit to hearken to Colonel Harvey's warnings and today, as a result, we are facing precisely the same situation which the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN predicted we should face.

It would be difficult to find anywhere a more effective marshalling of the chief episodes which have led to the present denouement of the Mexican tragedy. Colonel Harvey is pitiless in turning the light upon the more obscured phases of the policy of our government toward Mexico.

It makes an American wince, for example, to read that the slaughter in Mexico did not begin on a large scale until the President had arbitrarily lifted the embargo which rested on arms and ammunition, and so enabled Villa and Carranza and Zapata "to translate the fruit of their pillaging into munitions of war."

It is shocking, too, to read that while the President was urging Americans to send food in to starving Mexico, he was also permitting Villa to send food out of the stricken country—food that was stolen from people dying of hunger and offered in exchange for munitions and guns that would perforce kill more innocent people.

The points which Colonel Harvey makes in his panoramic survey of the Mexican policy will probably be well known to the American people before the campaign has progressed very far. But for the present it is enough to say that they are but superficially and imperfectly comprehended. Students anxious to obtain a bird's view of the rapids which have led up to the present cataract can do no better than to digest carefully all that Colonel Harvey has to say.

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PARRAL AND CARRIZAL?

(*From the Milwaukee Sentinel*)

Colonel George Harvey (the original Woodrow Wilson man, without whom Mr. Wilson would never have been dreamed of for the presidency of anything larger than a college) lifts his voice as a Cassandra as regards the fate of the little expedition of American soldiers charged with the difficult contract to take Villa "dead or alive."

Whether Colonel Harvey's apprehensions are based on conversations with military men, or are merely of his own conjuring up, one can not say.

But he appears to have the fate of "Chinese Gordon" in his mind as he thinks of General Pershing and his little band striking out into the vast stretches of hostile and barren Chihuahua to run down a man who in his own habitat may be as difficult to trail and overtake as a shark in the Gulf of Mexico.

Colonel Harvey thus relieves his pent-up feelings in a letter to the New York *Sun:*

> Has Washington gone crazy? Can it be possible, as reported here, that the President has sent a paltry force of only 5,000 ill-equipped and unsupported soldiers on a wild bandit chase into a hornet's nest of gringo haters, ten times their number and ten times as well supplied with machine guns and ammunition, without safeguarding a line of communication in case of need of retreat? * * * This mad adventure is nothing less than a bid for the massacre of American soldiers.

A "mad adventure"—perhaps. We may in the sequel have another "Remember the Alamo!" or Custer massacre case.

Washington may have "gone crazy," and the presidential and congressional palaver and shilly-shally over the preparedness measures (oceans of blethering and planning, and nothing done!) are not indicative of sanity. But however it may be with Washington, we may rest assured that General Funston has not "gone crazy."

Some thought he had, years ago, when he plunged into the trackless wilds to trap Aguinaldo. But he was sane, all right. He got his man. The encouraging thing about this apparently "mad adventure" is that Funston (so far as we know) approves it.

A shrewd, bold and even a crafty and tricky man, this Kansan—a man to have aces up his sleeve, and to spring traps long set and baited beforehand. One Mexican of the Villa class never trusts another Mexican far out of sight if he can help it. A trap may snap on this vermin any day.

But, on the face of it, the adventure looks difficult, and the position of Pershing's little command precarious—and more and more so the farther it gets from its base.

It is operating in a vast hostile district where hatred of the "gringoes" is inbred, and (what is worse) where contempt of the "gringoes" and of the flag borne by Pershing has accumulated rapidly in these latter days of "watchful waiting" and the substitution of tracts on democracy and consignments of Dr. Bryan's Blessed Balsam for the spiritual edification of ruffians and rapscallions who respect nothing but a loaded gun, as old Diaz and old Huerta told us long ago.

With this tiny command on the trail in Mexico, our borders of some

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1,800 miles are guarded by about 20,000 men. That is to say, they are open to invasion by an immensely superior force, in case the Mexicans see fit to make common cause against us.

If the worst comes to the worst, and Colonel Harvey's apprehensions as to the fate of the little expeditionary column come true, our anti-preparationists will have much to answer for, and the revival of an old song about a "Sour Apple Tree" may be looked for.

WITHDRAWING THE TROOPS

(*From the Waterbury American*)

Colonel George Harvey wrote a letter last March 17 to the *Sun,* in which he called for the withdrawal of our troops from Mexico. He protested that 5,000 had been sent into a hornet's nest ill equipped and unsupported. He said that the Mexicans were ten times their number and ten times as well supplied with machine guns and ammunition. He said the venture was nothing less than mad, "a bid for the massacre of American soldiers." He asked if nothing could be done to stop it.

Now he writes again to the *Sun* calling attention to this old letter, saying that all that he then predicted has come to pass. He says that General Pershing's act was not foolhardy. He had to send out that troop and sacrifice it in order to find out whether his line of communication was intact, and whether he was in danger of being surrounded. He had no scouting aeroplanes to do the work for him. Now, Colonel Harvey says, the situation is more desperate even than before. Our soldiers are still confronted by ten times their numbers, ten times better equipped. The enemy is confident and under very little restraint. The Pershing command, he says, is in imminent peril. While we are mobilizing our militia, he says, "above all, immediately, without wasting a day, an hour or a minute, before it may prove too late, withdraw our troops from Mexico."

That will be humiliating, but the whole thing is humiliating. The Colonel's idea is that we might better wait till we are ready and do the job thoroughly rather than keep pecking at it at a disadvantage all the time. It sounds quite sensible.

INDIVIDUALITY

(*From the Bookseller*)

With an individuality of its own, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW continues to grow in popularity, and the conservative estimate made early in the year of an average net circulation for 1916 of from 35,000 to 40,000 is apt to be exceeded. That such is the case is not surprising—indeed, could scarcely be otherwise under the able editorship of Colonel George Harvey, of whom it is said, "His skill of statement is such that any argument by him seems irresistible at the time he makes it. He writes sometimes severely but temperately, and what he has to say is worth candid and respectful attention." And with all, he has the rare gift of never losing the sense of humor, the comic spirit, in his profound analyses of the manifestations of life from month to month, political, literary, social and philosophical.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

IS *THE COUNTRY SAFE WITH WILSON?*

SIR,—Ever since you gave up the editorship of *Harper's Weekly*, I have been reading your articles in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW with pleasure and profit. I particularly enjoyed the one on Sir Josephus Daniels, N.C.B.

In your leading article published in the July number, you imply that the country will be safe in the care of Mr. Wilson or Mr. Hughes. I cannot comprehend how a person gifted with your remarkable political sagacity and prophetic instinct could have made the statement, which I have quoted in substance.

With your clear judgment, you certainly must know that President Wilson's Mexican policy can only be characterized as gross mismanagement. As you know, the only strong man in Mexico was Huerta. There must be a dictator there, and the problem is to secure the best dictator. President Wilson used the whole diplomatic, military and financial power of the United States to ruin Huerta; with the result of the loss of millions of property, and the possibility that French, English and Germans will in the future present claims for indemnity for outrages in Mexico against the United States.

President Wilson made the great mistake of sending John Lind to Mexico, a man who knew nothing about Latin-American affairs. Mr. Wilson was guided by Lind, and the embargo was taken off the arms shipped to Carranza and Villa, the latter of whom the better class of Mexicans regard as a tiger.

If Bryan, Wilson and Daniels had let Admiral Mayo alone, Huerta would have given the salute, and the matter would have passed off quietly. The attack on Vera Cruz cost the United States Government many lives and a great sum of money. It certainly was useless, it inflamed the Mexicans, and it served as the final act to drive Huerta from the country.

President Wilson's "wait and see" policy was the direct cause of the raid of Villa, and General Pershing's expedition has been a farce.

President Wilson's weak and vacillating policy was the direct cause of the loss of the life of Captain Boyd and his detachment of colored troopers.

There is no need to tell you that the framers of the Constitution purposely vested in the President extraordinary powers for the defense of the nation. The great European conflagration broke out in August of 1914. It threatened to involve the United States at any time in a frightful expenditure of lives and property. Notwithstanding that, under the Con-

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stitution, President Wilson is trustee for the national defense, he took no steps towards preparedness, and repeatedly turned a deaf ear to the continuous chidings of Congressman Gardner, and to the writings and speeches of Roosevelt, Lodge, and many others. It seems to me that the President's course is incomprehensible.

In his address to the two Houses of Congress, dated December 8, 1914, he says:

> Let there be no misconception. The country has been misinformed. We have not been negligent of national defense.

And yet, after insults to the Naval Committee of the House, it was finally goaded by Congressman Gardner into summoning Admiral Fiske, Captain Sims, and others, who frankly told the Naval Committee that it would take five years to put the navy in a state of preparation; and the daily papers during the last two weeks have fairly teemed with evidence showing how the War Department at Washington has broken down in attempting to transport fifty thousand militiamen to Texas.

It is true that President Wilson, since he read Mr. Root's stinging arraignment of Democratic incompetency, delivered last February, has made speeches in the Middle West advocating a strong navy; but even a casual reading shows that they are speeches of a man unconvinced of the value of the navy for national defense, and bearing on their faces the evidence of unfamiliarity with the subject.

Since all the statements of President Wilson and Mr. Daniels during the Fall and Winter of 1914 and 1915 were against preparedness, President Wilson's complete turn-about can fairly be argued to be circumstantial evidence tending to show that he has realized that a wave of preparedness is sweeping over the country, which will carry himself and the Democratic party out of office. And it may also fairly be argued that Mr. Wilson, in an effort to continue himself in office, has been compelled, by force of the popular will, to adopt preparedness as the policy of his Administration.

In conclusion, President Wilson has shown himself undeserving of a second term, by his failure to understand the temperament of the Mexican people; by his ruinous course with President Huerta; by his weak and vacillating policy with the *de facto* government, when it should have been a firm and strong one; by his mistake in sending John Lind to Mexico to deal with the complicated situation, in which Lind had had no previous training, and in accepting his advice to lift the embargo on arms, and to foster the fortunes of Carranza and Villa; also by his weak and vacillating policy in dealing with the combatants in Europe; by his total failure to take any steps to call the German Government to account after the notices had been published warning Americans that the *Lusitania* would be destroyed by submarines; by his attempting to appropriate the glory of the curtailment of the depredations of the German submarines, after they had been put out of business by the British Navy; by his total failure to prepare our army and navy until after Mr. Root's arraignment of Democratic incompetency; and by the complete showing of the incompetency of the War Department and of the Administration to concentrate troops on the Texas frontier.

G. S. SELFRIDGE.

BOSTON, MASS.

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COLONEL HOUSE AND SOCIALISM

SIR,—The "view" of Colonel House as presented by Mr. Childers in a recent REVIEW was, I am sure, very much appreciated by all readers of the interesting account of that man who, above all other men, seems to stand nearest to the President. Not the least interesting to me was the closing portion of the article, wherein Mr. House is quoted in the matter of the "Redistribution of Wealth,"—his comment on the "form of our civilization," "spiritual as against material compensation," and the question of "socialism."

Mr. House asks: "How can there be a more even distribution of wealth without lessening the efficiency of the strong, able and energetic men, without making mendicants of the indolent and improvident? Under socialism we could never get the best endeavor out of anyone, for it would not seem worth while to do more than an average." If I find an incentive to work under present conditions, how much more so would the inducement be under socialism where I should receive the full social value of my labor instead of being compelled to "divide up" with the men who do no work?

And there are many such besides the bums and tramps. Can Mr. House not see that the "mendicants, indolent, and improvident," so-called, are for the most part the natural product of the system now in force? This class is increasing at an alarming rate, and a redistribution of wealth is not demanded by the socialist as a solution of the question. On the contrary, that is a remedy proposed by the old parties; and, as an evidence of that fact, we have the income and inheritance tax laws. As for the former, a prominent writer now claims, after making a thorough investigation, that the Government has not been able to collect 25 per cent. of the amount due under the law. And it will, I think, be conceded by all that the inheritance tax laws fail to reach the estates to which they were clearly directed. The socialists do not demand the return of that which has been stolen; they demand that the robbery shall cease. We have the "dividing-up" system now in force (and the most ingenious socialist could not devise a more devilish scheme); and I ask Mr. House what "incentive" there is for me to give my best endeavors when I must "divide up" on pay-day with the man who does no work at all?

It is not, it seems to me, a question of what "pure socialism" is, nor of what Karl Marx demanded; but instead, what the Socialist platform for 1916 will demand. I am not a member of the Socialist Party, and never have been, but if I am not mistaken, the gist of their demands can be summed up in the quotation from Mr. House, a part of which reads: "Therefore, as an economic problem divorced from the realm of ethics, the far-sighted statesmen of tomorrow, if not today, will labor to the end that every child may have an opportunity to accomplish that for which it is best suited. Their bodies will be properly fed and clothed so that life may mean something more than a struggle for existence." If Mr. House can devote his valuable services to the upbuilding of his party and ask no reward other than the satisfaction that must come to him with the knowledge that he is trying to better conditions for his fellowmen, why can he not ascribe the same high motives even to a socialist?

R. E. W.

OMAHA, NEB.

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THE MASTER HAND AND MIND OF NEWTON D. BAKER

SIR,—Reading THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is the most fascinating intellectual treat imaginable, even when we cannot agree with its brilliant battling editor.

It is unfortunate that you couple the names of Daniels and Newton D. Baker together; there is not the slightest resemblance in the characters of the two men. If the political affairs of President Wilson were to be allowed to rest in the hands of Daniels, disaster would assuredly follow; but Baker is a type of manhood measured by any standard you wish,—the Hughes standard, if you must.

Let us for a moment observe the straws which indicate which way the political wind blows at times. You remember the fight that Root put up for the constitution of this great State of ours? Root went before the people with his child, begging them to accept. You know the answer.

Turn back to the constitutional convention of Ohio, Herbert Bigelow, President. The constitution as adopted was inspired by the spirit of Johnson, and taken to the people of that State by Bigelow, another of Tom L's young men. Again you know the answer.

Here is the picture: Root, great, powerful, astute, able to the nth degree, his ideas of a constitution treated with contempt by the voters of the Empire State. Bigelow, pastor of Vine Street Congregational Church, great too (in a different way) poor, but tremendously in earnest, eloquently pleads his cause before the voters of Ohio, and his constitution is carried almost unanimously.

Am I reasoning to no purpose when I state that in the fight for a constitution in Ohio the master hand and master mind of Newton D. Baker could be traced at every turn,—the same Baker that fought through fifty-seven injunctions from the lowest court in Ohio up to the Supreme Court of the United States to fix forever the principle that every American city had a right to its own streets?

The *Lusitania* murderers, the Belgian rapers, the contemptuous destroyers of treaties, the ravishers of women, the slayers of babes: these men and their sympathizers are for Charles Evans Hughes. He has so far accepted their support, ditto the Republican party, and not even the doughty Teddy himself can overcome such a handicap as that.

Watch Newton D. Baker, Colonel; for, if I mistake not, he will be found too much for any of the men the Hughes managers can place against him. Like many of your readers, the conduct of the present Administration at Washington has disgusted me beyond words, but as a mere betting proposition, it looks like Wilson in a walk.

JOHN MCF. HOWIE.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

A PLEA FOR SANITY

SIR,—Your wonderful analysis in showing the necessity for the Republicans to nominate Hughes at Chicago in the May number of the REVIEW was read with keen interest; then nearly one hundred of the leading papers of the nation in editorials earnestly commended it in the June number; this all occurring before the conventions. After looking up carefully Mr.

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Hughes' past life, and his faithful self-denying work, we find a *man,* and his judgment, foresight, logic, the proof of his statesmanship we saw in his Governorship of the State of his birth. Always for the rights of the people, and always right. We have arrived at the most extravagant era in our history, and the present Administration, in the past two Congresses, has been shameful. The people are aroused to the need of economy, and a lessened taxation. They can look for it with a certainty from Hughes. My dear sir, there are many things that impel me to say that, by every reason I know, you should enter this campaign with all your strength, and aid in bringing a return of sanity in the Government of our country.

FRANK C. BOISE.

DENVER, COL.

FLORIDA'S VOTE

SIR,—It may interest you to know what effect your May article on Hughes had with one delegation to the Republican Convention.

For many years I have regularly followed your editorials, testing your foresight and forecasts by the results afterward occurring, and have found them correct.

In this instance one of the candidates was a personal friend, but on the strength of your forecast, and believing that "the people wanted Hughes," the entire delegation of my State cast a solid vote for Hughes, on every ballot taken. I did this because I believed that you have a vision that carries you beyond the day.

I congratulate the American people that you can serve them as you have done and are doing. It is a great service.

WM. R. O'NEAL.

ORLANDO, FLA.

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